John Bull, November 24, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 912. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

A PILL to CURE an EARTHQUAKE

by A. G. Gardiner

Yadil and Pneumonia

See Announcement on Page 6.

ADVT.

GRAVES

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

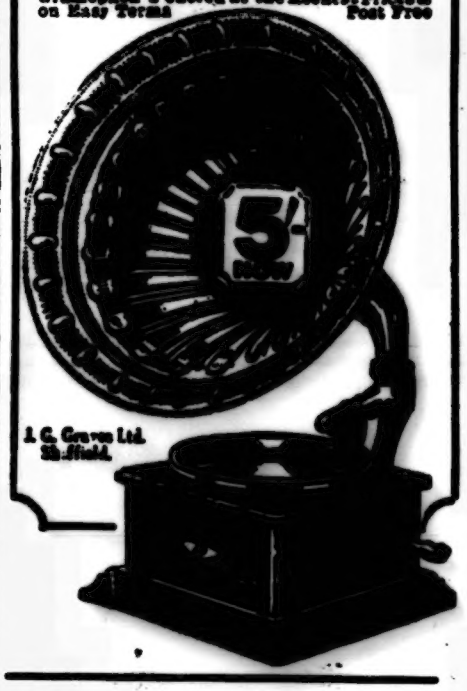
are better value than ever. Handsome powerful instrumen's of exquisite tone and dependable quality constructed in our own manufactory, offered at the keenest competitive price and on the Easiest Terms of Payment ever made

WE DELIVER Graves Gramophone, (either Horuless or Horn Model, as desired) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are satisfied with the machine after trial in your home the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/-. Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE has beautifully polished Cabinet of selected oak (size 16½ x 14 x 7½ins) Powerful Motor with worm drive, silent & even running. Speed Regulator, Taper Tone Arm & finest quality Sound Box. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. **£3 : 10 : 0**

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE (Horn Model) has Cabinet, size 12½ x 12½ x 6½ ins beautifully polished and tastefully decorated. Powerful, skilfully built silent motor, Taper Tone Arm, Speed Controller, decorated Sound Horn, and finest quality Sound Box. Price **£3 : 5 : 0**

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of our newest Models of Horn and Hornless Gramophon s offered at the Keenest Prices & on Easy Terms Post Free



Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following car.:

.....

.....

....

Fill in the details and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Reader's JOHN BULL Tragic Death pays Widow £250

"It was midnight. I heard a noise of someone moving on the landing. Suddenly there was a crash, and on rushing out I found my husband bleeding and unconscious at the foot of the stairs. He must have struck his head on the stone floor. He died the next morning."

Thus does Mrs. Ellen Reay, of 33, Henry Street, Middlesbrough, describe the tragic death of her husband.

The cheque for £250 which "John Bull" has sent to the bereaved widow will come as a godsend now that she has to face single-handed the practical realities of life that death brings in its train.

Accidents come when least expected. It is far better to sign the forms to-day than to regret not having done so to-morrow.

Fire, Storm, Sickness and Accident have taken a heavy toll in our readers' homes this week. Space permits the publishing of a few names only.

FIRE Up to £400

EASTWOOD.—W. Wood, 47, Chapel Street, Hill Top.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. S. Wilkins, 5, Witton Terrace, Witton Road, Witton.
GLASGOW.—Thos. Scott Lennie, 237, North Street, Charing Cross.
SOUTH BANK.—J. Harker, 79A, North St.
YORK.—M. Mutlagh, 41, Somerset Street, Barnsley.
COGGESHALL, ESSEX.—F. Partridge, "Greyhound Inn," Church Street.
LIVERPOOL.—S. K. Oliver, 12, Barnton Street, Litherland.
PENYCRAIG.—T. D. Ferriday, 6, Craig-yr-cor.
ROTHERHAM.—C. S. Ash, 10, Far Place.

STORM Up to £300

GATESHEAD.—J. Donnelly, 10, Grosvenor Street.
WARE, HERTS.—Mrs. E. C. Jackson, 116, High Street.
GREENOCK, N.B.—C. MacGillivray, 36, Holmscroft Street.
SIDCUP.—G. Hawkins, 47, Woodlands Cottages, Corbylands Road.

Sickness Benefits £5 5

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cere ro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

SIRHOWY.—Mrs. A. Jones, 208, Tredegar Terrace.
OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.—Mrs. R. Howard, 35, Stanlake Street.
WOOLSTON, SOUTHAMPTON.—S. W. Hutchings, 205, Portsmouth Road.
S. TOTTENHAM.—Mrs. R. Carrington, 112, Cornwall Road, St. Ann's Road.
SCUNTHORPE.—A. Fenwick, 95, Mary Street.
LOW FELL Co. DURHAM.—N. Turner, 6 Edmund Place.
EGHAM.—Mrs. C. Morris, 2, Rusham Road.
WHITCHURCH, HANTS.—H. G. Smith, Bell Street.
MORRISTON, SWANSEA.—T. Arkarn, 7, Grove Place.
GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. L. Taylor, "Bleak House, 28, Station Road.
ALLOA.—Mrs. C. Ford, 18, West Vennel.
NUNEATON.—Mrs. C. Crawfeez, 2, Bottrills Buildings, Upper Abbey Street.

Accident Benefits £3 per week

NOTTINGHAM.—E. Toyn, 5, Clayton Street, off Queen's Walk.
HULL.—Mrs. M. Grantham, 23, Brunswick Avenue, St. George's Road.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mrs. M. A. Jines, 12, Claypit Lane.
WALSALL.—Frank Perry, 203, Green Lane, near Talbot, Stead.
LEITH.—Miss Mary Hunter, 10, Salamander Street.
PONKEY, near WREXHAM.—Mrs. M. Thomas, 82, Chapel Street.
WEST HAM.—Mrs. F. Sutton, 93, Ranelagh Road.
SHADWELL, E. 1.—Mrs. E. Collins, 1, Glamis Road.
PORTLAND, DORSET.—Mrs. A. E. Moses, 11, Grove Road.
MILFORD, SURREY.—Mrs. Ruth Bird, Portsmouth Road.
NORWOOD GREEN, SOUTHALL.—Mrs. M. A. May, 2, Gladstone Cottages, Frogmore Green.
OLD CHARLTON, S.E. 7.—Mrs. M. A. Watson, 94, Little Heath.
EXETER.—Mrs. A. Dimond, 20, Holloway Street.
LEITH, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. M. Dickson, 12, Jane Street.

164 Benefits paid this week—Total now 10,160

CUT HERE

J.B. 24.11.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 24.11.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

The Biggest Made to Measure Suit Bargain this season

We have been fortunate in securing a stock of suiting cloths from a woollen merchant who is giving up business.

They are all medium and better-class materials. There is nothing inferior.

They comprise Scotch, Yorkshire and West of England woollen suitings, and in the ordinary way a suit made from these would cost 4 to 6 guineas.

We don't want these to interfere with our regular trade, **and there is not enough of them to distribute between all our shops.** So we have decided to confine this bargain offer to our mail order customers.

ALL AT ONE PRICE—

£3 per Suit MADE TO MEASURE

No Extras whatever

You can have what style you like, as many pockets and extras as you please, and no matter how big you are, not one penny extra will be charged. About 10 days required to complete your order.

By means of our self-measure form, you can obtain perfect fitting garments. A perfect fit can also be assured if an old well fitting suit be sent instead of the measure form.

Guarantee:—If the suit when delivered to you does not give perfect satisfaction both as regards quality and fit, we guarantee to refund your money in full.

This guarantee is backed by "John Bull."

Seize this opportunity now and write for the free patterns, mentioning "John Bull," or fill in the Coupon below.

Remember: You can only get this special offer by Mail Order and NOT at our shops.

All the World knows It's "Burzon's" for Clothes

CUT OUT AND FILL IN THIS COUPON OR WRITE A LETTER MENTIONING "JOHN BULL"

To BURZON BROS., LTD., The World's Measure Tailors, 26 & 27, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4.

Please send me the free Patterns of your £3 Made-to-Measure Bargain Suit offer, together with Fashion Book and Self-Measure Form.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

"I get them FREE!"

"I never spend a farthing now-a-days on ties or hairbrushes, shaving gear or razor blades. Why should I, when I can get them free simply by smoking the finest cigarettes I can get at 10 for 6d.—Black Cat."

Every packet of Black Cat cigarettes contains a coupon or coupons. In exchange for these smokers can obtain hundreds of different free gifts, gifts of a most attractive and practical kind, gifts for men, women and children.

Send Coupon below— we will send Gift Booklet & 5 FREE COUPONS

Write for the Free Gift Book and 5 free coupons TO-DAY.

Fill in the coupon below.

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO., (Dept. 6) ARCADIA WORKS, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

Please send me Free Gift Booklet and five free coupons.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE for BARGAIN-HUNTERS

WHEN ORDERING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention John Bull.

JOHN BULL THIS Guarantees CHAIR

The Qualitor EASY CHAIR

But you must see our wonderful £1 photographs and patterns to know its real worth. Only, while sewing to last an era, REAL TAPESTRY coverings hard hardwood non-rust frame. Beautiful, comfortable, exclusive design.

£4-15-0 CARR. PAID.

Send 1d. for FREE Details!

THE QUALITOR UPHOLSTERY CO., HARRIER STREET, LEEDS

Send for this TONIC WINE NOW!

Don't envy health! Send 1s-6d for your bottle of "Danzovin," the nerve-strengthening, health-restoring, blood-making Tonic Wine, famous-established over 100 years.

4/6 POST FREE

DANZOVIN TONIC WINE

To Invalids—Convalescents to the weak and ailing, for building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought, Send 4/6 (under cover of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from

JOSEPH HIBBON & SON IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

"THIS is what Miss Busby, of Reading, does. She says:—"I am turning my spare time into money. I knit Socks, Stockings, Vests, Jumpers, and Woollies—overflowing with private orders—which bring me in from £3 to £5 weekly."

Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF KNITS at an agreed price for a period of Three Years. Send to-day for this

FREE BOOK

SENT FREE ON REQUEST to all forwarding 1d. stamp to cover postage. Send for it TO-DAY. Be making money next week.

SOUTH BRITISH Mfg. Co., Dept. 63 K. 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Vacuum-clean Carpets thoroughly. NO EFFORT

Most amazing value.
Saves Carpet Beating Costs.
Avoids all trouble, expense and labour of taking up your carpets. NO DIRTY DUSTBAG TO EMPTY AND CLEAN. NO BELLOWS. NO AWKWARD MECHANISM. OPERATES SIMPLY.
Thousands in use. Send to-day.

POST PAID 20/- W. Bar. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS MONEY BACK if not delighted after 7 days' test

The Gem Labour-Saving Device Co., Ltd. (Dept. D1) 68, Long Millgate, Manchester.

WRITE FOR FREE Bargain Book

OF THIS CHARMING NEW MODEL

FIRESIDE FURNITURE

CONTAINING 36 BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE REAL GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL (CARRIAGE PAID) DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES From 10/-

WRIGHT BROS. 10, New Bond St. London W.

Trim with Fur Yourself

BE smart. Transform your garments to up-to-date, stylish wear. Easy to do at home. Big saving in cost.

Obtain your trimmings from London's largest supplier.

All kinds in stock from 2/11 per yard.

Send to-day for illustrated, money-saving list. Or call at

THE FUR GOODS SUPPLY CO (Dept J.B.)

Note new address: 62, HIGH HOLBORN W.C.1.
(Take tube to ... station.)

GOOD LUCK COMES TO YOU

from the moment you possess the Ju-Ju Nigerian Mascot—the wonderful luck-bringer. Luck is something ever which can't be explained. Those made have turned Fortune's frown to a winning smile with Ju-Ju's magic, and delightfully write like this:

I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. R.
Everything I have touched prospered. G.C. (Glasgow).

Don't scoff! Have faith in the Ju-Ju and everything you touch will prosper. Make Ju-Ju your mascot and misfortune will pass you by—good luck will attend you all the time.

Sterling Silver, post free. 5s. 9d. Gold, 21

"A Ju-Ju wore to-day: your luck's in straightaway!"

JU-JU SOCIETY,
5, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

More "Mail Order Market" Bargains on page 30

TURN TO IT.

BREECHES 12/6

(Carriage paid to your door.)

READY-TO-WEAR
In all sizes from 20 inches to 42 inches round waist.
Made from a medium grey shade, strong Derby Tweed, laced at knee with strappings of same material. Indispensable to farmers, market gardeners, farmers, gamekeepers, cyclists, motor cyclists and shooters. Equally suitable for walking, golfing, or any other sports.
SPECIAL of the 106
When ordering Breeches or Trousers please give waist measure and full length of inside of leg.

CURZON BROS., LTD., (Dept. J.B.) 26 & 27, New Bridge Street, LONDON, E.C. 4

STRAND WIDENING WATSON'S FINAL REBUILDING SACRIFICE

We do not intend to remove or store our enormous stocks during rebuilding of our premises in connection with the Strand Widening scheme, hence our Wonderful Bargain Offer.

BLUE NAP or MELTON OVERCOATS

Handsomely tailored in the latest and smartest style from fine quality hard-wearing Blue Nap or Melton. Perfectly made and finished. These Overcoats are honestly worth 45/- to 50/-. With or without Velvet Collar. Cost, 1½ oz. Now offered at 25/-

Please state height and chest measurements.
Money returned in full if not absolutely satisfied

WATSON'S, 125, Strand, London, W.C.2
Open on Saturdays until 9 o'clock.

Renders Delightful music at Parties

Parties go with a swing when there's music in the air. Either played alone or accompanied by other instruments there is nothing to compare with Stroh.

Jap Fiddle. Mastered in a couple of hours without Free Tutor. Free personal lessons if required.

'STROH' JAP FIDDLE

Home Model	Concert Model	Boys from
35/-	60/-	5/-

Money returned if not satisfied. Post paid to United Kingdom.

Write for Lists and Booklet J.B.3

GEO. EVANS & CO.
94, St. Pancras Street, Regent's Park, LONDON.

A WINTER MODEL for 7/6

Balance by easy monthly payments.

Elegant model in all wool velour with long roll collar of Beaver or Mole Coney. Fly front trim the coats and storm belt. Large ornamental buttons. Cosy and distinctive, obtainable in a variety of shades, only priced at 59/11.

Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes"

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY, Dept. J.B., Brown Street, Manchester.

MOVIES IN YOUR HOME!

A complete Cinematograph for £9 Cash

or 20/- down and 12 monthly payments of 14/10

KINEX HOME CINEMATOGRAPH,

Model A.—With accumulators where no current is available.
Model B.—With variable resistance for use where electric light is installed.
Takes standard size film and projects a 6ft. picture. Easily portable, Easily manipulated, Free from danger. Further details on application.

CITY SALE & EXCHANGE,
54, Lime Street, LONDON, E.C.

Triple-proofed Gabardine

TRENCH COAT

(The Famous Officer's Coat)

A Combined Winter Overcoat and Raincoat. Includes for cold weather use a Detachable Wool lining, which can be removed in a minute for mild rainy weather.

Price complete, 52/- carriage paid.

Also in Navy Blue, 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give height and chest measurement taken over waistcoat.

CURZON BROS., LTD.
The World's Measure Tailors.
(Dept. J.B.), 26 & 27, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4

£5 for 24 Words

BECAUSE he wrote 18 words in our last advertisement competition Mr. E. V. Hallam, 158, Holme Road, West Bridgford, has received a cheque for £5, for his effort.

Mr. T. Bowden, 97, Talgarth Road, Barons Court, W.14., received a cheque for £1.

To 50 other competitors consolation prizes of the value of 5s. have been sent.

Many competitors appear to think that humour and poetry are likely to be successful. This is not so. What we want is evidence that the bargain value of the advertisement has been appreciated, and that the advertiser has been successful in attracting the attention of his readers.

Competitors should avoid sending in efforts that would be more suitable for our "Bullets" competition.

It is open to you this week to be paid for *your* effort at the rate of 5s. per word, for we again offer prizes of £5, £1, and 50 consolation prizes (value 5s. each), for the best statement *in not more than 24 words*, of what is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL and why. Postcards only, addressed to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2., to reach here not later than the first post Wednesday, November 28.

Christmas is rapidly approaching. £5 would make an acceptable addition to the family exchequer to meet the many extra items of expenditure that the festive season gives rise to, and there is no reason why this £5 should not come to your address. It only needs a careful study of the advertisements, a little thought, a neat phrase—and 24 words. And remember—postcards only!

Doubtful Bargains

SOME of the bargains widely advertised in week-end newspapers cost the purchaser very dear. Take, for instance, the attractive offers made by the Leeds Bargain Co., 31, Kendal Lane, Leeds.

A frugal housewife might well imagine after reading their price list that she has an excellent opportunity of obtaining articles of which she stands in need at a very low cost.

A reader who sent for two purses at 2s. 11d. each, some towels at 9d. each, and a rug at 3s. 11d., received two trumpery purses which could be purchased in the shops for 6d. each, towels worth not any more than 3d. each, and a very inferior rug which could be got anywhere for 1s.

Such an imposition would be impossible if the purchaser could inspect the goods before buying. But "mail orders only" appears to be the motto of the Leeds Bargain Company.

Another reader, more cautious, paid a visit to Kendal Lane, and found only a small shop with a girl in charge.

Asked for an inspection of the goods advertised, this girl said she was not allowed to show them or sell them.

Such advertisements are not accepted by JOHN BULL. We will refund any money paid if goods advertised in our paper are not satisfactory in accordance with our advertisement guarantee.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if same is made within one month from the date of this issue.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line, averaging six words. Minimum charge, 24s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MODEL MAKING Bargains for shopkeepers and beginners.—Bell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Ware house, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living Guaranteed —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Ware house, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Camberwell Road, London, E.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

CRYING DOLLS, with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and unstressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For 5/- we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 9, Silkville, Leeds.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted. Sample dozens sent on receipt of 3/-. special prices for quantities.—Edward James, 8, Sprigate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

FIFTY PER CENT. is possible to small shopkeepers, stores, on my drapery list prices. Thoroughly serviceable, repeat-behaving goods. A postcard gets this eye-opener.—H. Myers, Angel Buildings, Briggate, Leeds.

SPECIAL OFFER to Hairdressers, Chemists, Canvassers, etc. To introduce our Perfumes and Manicurine, etc., we will send you a special parcel of 4 gross, all sizes, to retail from 1s. to 4s., for 5s., cash with order, allowing you to make 200 per cent. profit. Excellent for Xmas stock. Only a limited number left. Send for yours to-day.—"Rouge," Dept. A., 58, City Road, London, E.C.1.

DRAPERS and HABERDASHERS wanting Cheap Lines should send for Price Lists to Chew and Co., Roger Street Warehouse, Manchester. Strictly wholesale.

SHOPKEEPERS, send for Xmas list. Toys, Dolls, Games, Fancy Goods, Xmas Crackers, Xmas Cards, 5s Assorted Cases.—W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J.), Grimsby.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand values. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work spare time. Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 163 to 167, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENCY (Spare Time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or easy payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 30, Friar Lane, Leicester.

SPARE-TIME AGENTS.—£4 weekly easily earned, either sex. Use up your spare minutes and add to your income. Splendid opportunity. Guaranteed genuine. Write at once. —Details, stamp, Leigh Supply Co., J.B.51, [illegible].

AGENTS wanted for "Bentall" Coal Saver and other lines. Good profits. Repeats certain. Samples 6d.—J. Martin, Allathorpe, Westgate.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DOES £1,000 A YEAR TEMPT YOU? Trained Salesmen earn it. So can you. Employers are begging for men who are masters of scientific salesmanship. You, in your present job, can learn the science of Selling in spare time at home, under Britain's Foremost Exponent, Mr. Wallace Attwood. You risk nothing—a position is guaranteed you at the end of the course, a congenial life in the ranks of the world's most highly paid profession. Don't dally with opportunity, send straight away for intensely interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." No obligation. Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 307, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Clerks, Electricians, Electrical Fitters, Fitters General, Fabric workers, Motor Engineers, Store Keepers, Wireless Operators and Power Station Tradesmen. Age limits: Ex-service men 18 to 30, non ex-service 18 to 25; men highly skilled in certain trades up to 35; ex-N.C.O.s up to 39 years (with rank according to trade ability). Pay from 21/- to 66/6 per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. —Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 40 Provincial Newspapers for £7 10s. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Agency (Dept. 40), 168, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for Particulars, H. Lovell (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock; thousands endorsed by satisfied. —Write, Boots Dept., Fotheam St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 80 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (10 words), 60 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Canadian Advertising Agency (Dept. T.), 61, Fleet Street, London E.C.4.

500 EVERYDAY Money-making Opportunities.—Contains 150 Spare-time Employments, 41 money-making Schemes (small capitalists), 200 Trade Secrets, 150 Patent Medicine Formulas, 1/6, post paid. — J. & D. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills at 2/6 per 1,000. Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 2d. postage. —Maid & Son, Room 66, Sandy, Beds.

COAL.

COAL direct from colliery to consumer.—Trucks any station at wholesale prices, cash. Better coal at less cost.—Boston Colliery Offices, Birmingham.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47, Swan Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

WATCH REPAIRERS earn £5 to £10 weekly. The best lucrative spare-time work. Learn the trade in a few weeks by Clarkes' System, and become a competent, practical watchmaker. Easy, fascinating, sure.—Clarkes, 5, High Street, Harpenden.

DON'T BE BULLIED.—Learn secrets of Jiu-Jitsu. Weaponless defence. Easily, quickly mastered at home by post. Send four penny stamps for two illustrated lessons, or 2/6 for big part of Course.—Yowara (J.B.), 16, Queensway, Hanworth, Middx. Est. 20 years.

PRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

FULLTONE

CABINET GRAMOPHONES DIRECT from the FACTORY

THIS offer is the direct outcome of our genuine endeavours to give the public a square deal by cutting out all intermediate profits—so providing a perfect instrument at a price within the reach of all. Purchase direct from the factory saves you half the usual retail prices. Our generous 7 days' free trial offer guarantees you complete satisfaction in every way.

The "Fulltone" is sent carriage paid. If you are dissatisfied after 7 days' free trial in your own house, simply return it and the matter ends. We sell hundreds of models this way—not one in fifty is returned.

No. 2A CABINET GRAND

Beautifully finished Cabinet, chiefly consisting of mahogany, as illustrated, but not inlaid, 3ft. 4 in. high. Powerful Swiss double-spring 3-record motor, famous "FULLOTONE" sound box, enamelled throughout, exquisite tone, holds 100 records, and all latest 1923 improvements.

Write for NEW Catalogue and deferred terms.

FACTORY PRICE £7 10s.

Or 6 monthly payments of £1 . 6 . 0 (No. 2). No. 2. Inlaid as illustrated, 5/- extra.

A full range of 20 models can be seen at our showrooms.

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.

(Dept. 4B. 6), 229, Gt. Colle e St., Camden Town, London, N.W.1. North 2313

And at The Service Company, 109, High Holborn, W.C., and T. & J. Roberts, Ltd., Sheffield.

TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED.

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the Right to Justice and Truth.

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The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Election.

We shall remain, as we always have done, aloof from all parties and keep our independence of thought and action. We are impressed by neither party cries nor catchwords. We want to see practical measures evolved by real statesmen irrespective of party or creed. We want fewer words and more deeds.

A Rare Chance.

Faced with the problems of war and peace all waiting solution, the voter has a chance that rarely comes his way. We advise him to take nothing on trust, to vote for men and not for party, and concentrate on the real issues.

A Poor Substitute.

That is the only way to describe the wanton act of party politics that has forced an election at this juncture. For lack of a real remedy, the Government are attempting to delude the public into believing that their Protectionist programme is the cure for unemployment.

A Melancholy Record.

The Tory Party has had months of office and has failed to make the least impression on the problem that is slowly sapping the nation's life. That is why they are feverishly drawing a red herring across the track.

Empty Phrases.

Nor are the Liberal Party in much better case. They oppose a policy of Free Trade to Protection, but of solid plans for ending unemployment they possess none at all. They, too, are helpless, and they know it.

Terrified Leaders—

As for the Labour Party, the last thing their leaders desire is that they should suddenly be called on to assume the reins of Government. They have not more than half a dozen men whom they could entrust with office with any hope of success.

—And Rampant Followers.

They are aware, too, that their assumption of office would immediately result in trouble with the rank and file. The political party is dragged at the heels of the industrial. No wonder Ramsay MacDonald views the coming election with some trepidation!

A Hollow Sham.

The present crisis has laid bare the sham of party politics only too clearly. The old political shibboleths will all be brought out again to meet a new situation, but the game is the same, and as useless as ever. Wire-pulling and self-interest will still take the place of statesmanship.

Another Pledge Scrapped?

In 1913 Mr. Bonar Law agreed that food taxes should be submitted to a national referendum before being imposed. Is this another promise that is to be wriggled out of? Election or not, such a poll should take place.

The Lost Leader.

Mr. Baldwin resigned his position as a real leader when he allowed himself to be over-ruled in the matter of Mr. McKenna. We hope he will not be forced by underlings to throw overboard Lord Birkenhead—a man with brains. Otherwise he will never have real unity.

First Fruits.

The immediate result of Mr. Baldwin's policy has been to unite the Liberal Party and disunite his own. The final result is in the hands of the electors whose good will he has so mistakenly thrown away. The political confidence trick is an outworn device.

One to Us.

We are glad to see that Mr. Baldwin has now included in his programme many of the measures of social reform so long advocated by us. The promise that "every man and woman on entering industrial life will feel secure against the dangers of unemployment and old age" is what we have always demanded.

The Men Who Know.

The National Association of Merchants and Manufacturers have decided to instigate a vigorous campaign for Free Trade. Another exposure of the hollowness of the party sham and shuffle that the Government are trying to force on the electors

Disguising the Pill.

The proposal to subsidise the farmer at the expense of the taxpayer to the tune of £11,000,000 a year has been "sweetened" by the proviso that it must carry a 30s. wage for agricultural labourers. Nevertheless it remains the merest vote-catching device.

It Is to Laugh!

The Rothermere Press combine warns Mr. Baldwin to keep his hands off food; the Beaverbrook combine clamours for a full programme of Tariff Reform. The Fleet Street poison factory seems in for a quarrelsome time in the next few weeks.

The Railway Ramp.

Although the railway companies are trying to save £4,000,000 by the reduction of wages, they refuse to promise any reduction of fares. Profits at both ends of the scale are not good enough.

The Game Begins.

The political game is to hoodwink the electors. Voters should concentrate on the only issue that matters, and refuse to vote for any candidate who is not willing to pledge himself to oppose any and every attempt to impose taxes likely to increase the cost of living.

The Truth at Last.

Sir John Bradbury, official British delegate on the Reparations Commission, bluntly declares the Treaty to be unworkable. Combined with America's refusal to participate in any restricted inquiry this should make M. Poincaré think.

The Reverse of the Medal.

Ex-President Wilson has been at it again. He says the war was won largely by America's unconquerable soldiers. Well, Britain's indomitable taxpayers are largely paying for it—as nobody knows better than America.

It Tells a Tale!

While every other European currency, including our own, continues to fall in value, the new Soviet currency goes on rising; and still the Government refuses to go boldly out for trade with Russia. Are they blind—or merely stupid?

Where the Money Goes.

The Palestine "Mandate"—in which the Arabs refuse to co-operate, actually cost the taxpayer £2,024,000 last year. This year it will cost him £1,500,000—unless he is wise and insists on the abandonment of such a wild cat scheme.

Locking the Stable Door.

The ex-Kaiser has been clearly told by the Allies that his only hope of avoiding the consequences of his war acts is to remain quietly at Doorn. We should at least be thankful that in this case the door has been locked before the horse has gone.

The Meddlers.

The British Government have counselled Greece to avoid any change in her constitution. And we counsel the British Government to look after their own people and cease meddling in the affairs of others.

Kicking the Pensioner.

In contravention of the Royal Warrant and the express wishes of Parliament thousands of men are being pushed off the pension list with final payments although they are incurable. Major Tryon has made his department stink in the nostrils of all decent men.

Do the Fair Thing.

The production costs of gas have now dropped by nearly 30 per cent. Is it too much to ask that the gas companies shall now do the fair thing and pass some of this fall on to the overburdened consumer?

Merely Promises!

In July a Traffic Bill was promised to end the dangerous chaos of London's streets. The dissolution of Parliament has shelved it indefinitely. It is the habit of politicians to chase will-o'-the-wisps and let practical matters go hang.

An Outrage and a Scandal.

By what authority did the Superintendent of Prisons in Ceylon consent to medical experiments being made on condemned prisoners? It is a matter that needs strict investigation, for the good name of the British Empire is at stake.

Naturalising Undesirables.

Undesirable young French and Belgian women are being naturalised by the simple plan of persuading men to marry them—for a consideration. The couples part at the church door, but marriage with a British subject has given the girls British nationality. Is it no one's business to stop this?

The Boys Behind the Bars.

When the Duke of York visited Manchester, he passed by the door of St. Joseph's Industrial School, but the lads were not allowed to see the son of their King. Why not? Were the authorities afraid of what he might read in the eyes of the boys behind the bars, or that some of them might cry aloud to him for deliverance?

Life-saving by Law.

True medical work is exemplified at Newcastle, where the Communal Health and Welfare work has resulted in saving 700 infant lives and 600 more lives yearly, by the anti-tuberculosis efforts. It is good to find at least one municipality recognising that the primary function of Health administrations is to save life.

Help of the Blind.

Sightless though she was, Kate Hunt, of Chapel Hill, Dogdyke, did not hesitate when a neighbour was in peril. She heard piteous calls for help, and with difficulty made her way to the woman whose clothing was ablaze, threw a rug around her, and extinguished the flames. The poor woman died, but Kate had done all she could to save her. Another name must be inscribed on the roll of Britain's blind heroines.

A Heart of Gold.

Beatrice King, a Yorkshire servant, thought more of the comfort of her sick mother than she did for herself. As a result of sending home money, the poor girl was forced to sleep at nights in an open area, and even when a kindly neighbour gave her 1s. 6d. Beatrice's good heart forced her to give it to another girl in poorer circumstances. Surely some woman can make use of a servant with such thought for others.

Everybody's Little Sister.

It is good to know that little Agnes Wildman, the innocent victim of the Accrington tragedy, need never be in want, although her assailant's cruel knife deprived her of the hands with which she would have worked for her living. She has become a little sister to all the townsfolk, who have subscribed sufficient to keep her in comfort all her days. They could not give her back her hands, but they have given her their hearts.

Shipley's Shame.

While towns and hamlets all over the country were holding civic ceremonies in connection with Armistice Day, it was left to Shipley to stand aloof. At that otherwise loyal town the local council decided not officially to recognise the Day of Remembrance. We don't know who inspired this act of mean spiritedness, but whoever it is may find some consolation in the fact that Shipley was the black spot on the nation's map.

Champagne in Flanders.

Certain members of the Imperial War Graves Commission are having a gorgeous time in Flanders, according to the tale unfolded in a recent divorce case. A woman told how at Poperinghe she saw four men with sixteen bottles of champagne. Drink, singing and dancing and the attractions of the fair sex lighten the lot of some of the Commission. There's nothing like dealing seriously with a sacred task!

Lordy, Lordy.

Viscount Carlton was driving his car through Peckham when a collision occurred between it and a plebeian baker's barrow. The inevitable policeman, name of Mott, appeared and asked his lordship for his licence. "I have no time to talk to a common policeman," said he of the blue blood, after admitting that he had no licence. Horrid to relate, a magistrate has now fined the Viscount £10. Perfectly beastly awful—what?

Our Little Girls.

When firemen climbed through a window into a room of a burning building at Grimsby, they found twelve-year-old Norah Hall there, and would have saved her at once. But she refused. "There are other children to be saved before me," she told the men, and bravely led them through dense, blinding smoke to rooms where there were five little ones. She saw these saved; and when she was herself carried out she was unconscious. What an unselfish little heroine!

After Our Own Heart.

The Councillors of Dundee who chose Bailie William High to be their new Lord Provost elected a man whose heart is evidently in the right place. The first duty which the Provost undertook was to make public in the local press, at considerable cost to himself, the figures for unemployment among the disabled ex-Servicemen in the city, and he appealed to each employer to find a place for at least one of these heroes. A good beginning!

Muddling Magistrates.

After the Clitheroe police stopped James Livesey of Barnoldswick for driving his car, late at night, at fourteen miles an hour without a red rear lamp, they found that he was so drunk that he had to feel his way along the side of the car and even then fell on his knees. And yet the Clitheroe Bench refused the police request that the man's licence should be suspended. They appear to encourage motor accidents. Thus does leniency become lunacy.

In Quest of the Quack.

Tragedy within tragedy is revealed by such inquests as that held into the death of Mrs. Robe of South Shields who died as a result of an illegal operation. Deputy Coroner Boulton stated that persons who performed abortions rendered themselves liable to extreme penalties, but this is poor consolation to the broken-hearted husband. Prevention is better than punishment—why not make an example of the notorious quack-chemists who sell pills and potions?

Sir Roger's Helpmate!

That Eve, no longer dressed in fig-leaves, can still lead man into trouble, was disclosed when Sir Roger T. Twysden, of Kingsbridge, was summoned by a firm of costumiers to pay for clothes ordered by his wife. The lady had dressed to some tune, involving many thousands of pounds and the mortgaging up to the hilt of her husband's estate. Still, Sir Roger must again pay up and ponder the reasons for woman calling herself the down-trodden sex.

Motherhood.

The November quota of immigrants for the United States being exceeded, a pregnant British mother, who was expecting her new arrival at an early date, was unceremoniously deported by the American authorities. Their heartless action had probably something to do with the fatality which followed, for this poor soul lost her life during the ordeal of childbirth in mid-ocean. Surely the fanatics of red-tapeism could have stretched a point in such a pressing case.

Tinpot Tyranny.

Because Mr. O. Glenister, a Barnsbury newsagent, considerately allowed the lads who distribute papers in the early morning to enter the shop a few minutes before seven to drink a cup of hot tea, an officious L.C.C. Inspector threatened him with a prosecution, and, what is worse, drove the boys out into the biting cold to wait until the clock struck the hour. Some of these tinpot tyrants seem to have heads of wood and hearts of stone.

Doctors and Humanity.

When John James Slingo collapsed in the street at Folkestone, a doctor who lived nearby refused to take the trouble to go out to see him, saying it was a case for the hospital. By the time the ambulance had got Slingo to the hospital door the poor fellow was dead. What is wrong with the medical profession nowadays? The fine old tradition of the doctor's calling that he should use his skill in the interests of humanity whenever needed, seems to be dropping into disuse.

The Vicar's Wrath.

Our sympathy is with the Rev. E. Lees, Vicar of Brentwood. After he has been rapped over the knuckles for rightly denouncing as "damned silly" the hypocrisy of rebuking working men for shilling bets and leaving Stock Exchange gamblers alone, some anonymous cat, signing herself "Churchwoman," has sent him a missive accusing him of smoking at a parish meeting. The vicar tore the letter up in the pulpit. Quite the right treatment for anonymous letters.

A Hero of Blackburn.

Joseph Forrest, a firebeater, of Coronation Street, Blackburn, is a hero of whom his townspeople may well be proud. When James Henry Holden was reported as drowning, Forrest hurried to the Leeds and Liverpool canal, and although the night was cold, he stripped and dived repeatedly in search of the body. Though Holden was dead when found, this in no way detracts from the courage of Forrest, which is all the more commendable as others had refused to undertake the arduous task.

Baby-robbing.

Foreman W. Keates of Rye Park who died after years of loyal service to the Ware District Council, left a wife and eleven children, and the Council arranged that bread and milk to the value of ten shillings weekly should be granted the family. This just fed the children until a member of the Guardians persuaded the Board to stop this relief. Local feeling, however, was so incensed that the Board has now resumed the relief—but only to the value of 7s. 6d. Why rob the kiddies of milk for the sake of half-a-crown?

Kidding the Kids.

Two little Bolton girls were shopping when they were accosted by a woman who induced the elder to go and buy some sweets, leaving their mother's purse, containing 10s., with the younger, whereupon the wretched woman extracted the money—the meanest type of theft imaginable, equal to stealing the "dummy" from a baby's mouth. It is to be hoped that the exposure will be a punishment to her, for it is all the punishment she will get—the magistrates discharged her with a warning.

An Armistice Outrage.

Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous explorer, draws our attention to the widespread appeal for money which is being made by the Committee of the German Distress Relief Fund. We have before protested against the succour which is so sorely needed for our own famishing war sufferers being diverted to Germany, but it seems an outrage that extra efforts in this direction should have coincided with the Day of Remembrance of our tortured dead and Earl Haig's appeal for assistance for the disabled in distress.

Bananas and Bread.

The mother of Jackie Foster, a five-year-old "Coogan" of Dewsbury, must have been highly proud of her boy when he handed to her a couple of pound notes earned by his own endeavours. Prompted by the fact that his father is unemployed and has six children to rear, this little lad made his way to a local theatre and courageously entered a singing competition. So well did he assure the audience that "he had no bananas," that he was declared the winner. A breadwinner at five, what will Jackie be at fifty?

Red and Blue.

Wm. Gorman, a motor-cyclist, accidentally knocked down a man at Sheffield, and immediately went to the Central Police Station to report it. There they told him to go to Glossop to make the report, but Glossop decided that Chapel-en-le-Frith was the right quarter for the report. And even then the Glossop officials refused to allow Gorman to phone Chapel-en-le-Frith unless he paid the telephone fee. Meanwhile the victim of the accident was then in the hospital and later died. The arm of the law is edged with red tape.

Borstal's Way.

When Robert Sturgeon, an ill-clad but intelligent lad, was charged with wandering, Mr. Bowering, the Aldershot Court missionary, had many strong remarks to make regarding the Borstal Institution, of which the boy had previously been an inmate. He said that as his parents were destitute on the completion of his term, word had been sent to the reformatory informing the authorities and asking that they should find employment for the youth. Yet Sturgeon was heartlessly sent back to his starving relatives. Truly an apt commentary on welfare methods adopted in these homes where reformation of character is the declared object.

Skin Deep.

Kitty Fowler threw up her job as a motor-'bus driver and left England to marry an American farmer she had never seen—except by photograph. But Kitty's farmer turned out to be half as handsome as the picture said, and a sadder and wiser girl decided to return to England home and beauty in a state of single blessedness. Girls who are willing to take such risks deserve what they get.

Mormon Tactics.

Liverpool girls are not safe when there are scoundrels like William David Butler Hallwood in the city. He lured a pretty shop assistant, Mary Kathleen Kelly, from her home and got her in his power. Then he had the audacity to take her to his own home, threatening his real wife if she objected. Now, at 18, Mary is an unmarried mother. And William is His Majesty's guest.

Wanted—a Wife.

It's all very well for lonely young men to write to mayors asking for their help in finding a wife. And all very well for mayors to undertake the task—as did Councillor E. J. Middleton of Yarmouth. But we hope that these worthy gentlemen make quite sure of the respectability of the applicant before sending along decent girls for the job of housekeeper. We *have* heard stories of girls being badly landed in this way.

A Road Swine.

Three months' hard labour is too light a sentence for a beast like Horace Warring, manager of Midhurst Gas Works. Warring was cycling when he met a girl cyclist aged 16, inveigled her into conversation and then assaulted her. Where was the sense of the magistrates in calling it "an offence of a very gross character" and then letting the vile blackguard off with three months? Were there no fathers on the Bench?

No Prison Taint.

Sheriff Shennan, of Hamilton, did a wise and humane thing in putting on probation George Watson Bisset who attempted to forge Lord Hamilton's name on a cheque. Bisset had acted so amateurishly—actually signing the cheque "Lord Hamilton"—and the cheque book had been left lying in a room as an added temptation, that the man was obviously not an habitual criminal. Which was quite evident from the fact that his lordship himself provided Bisset's defence!

The Irishman's Rise!

Something of a sensation must have been caused at the meeting of the Sheppey Board of Guardians when Dr. Madwar, of Queenborough, and Dr. Watson, of Sheerness, asked that their yearly salaries should be reduced from £75 to £50 and from £150 to £100 respectively, as they considered the higher rates not justified for the amount of Poor Law work they performed. It's a pity such a fine example could not be followed by many other Poor Law Officials!

Black Skins, Cold Feet.

The owners of the steamship *Blackwell* are too skinflinting to employ a few of the thousands of British A.B.s now in Poverty Bay, and hire Mohammedans because they are cheaper. Eighteen of these coloured seamen put in a last minute demand for pay and a half at Hull and then left the ship. Summoned for desertion, they said the vessel was going to America where the climate was too cold for them. They were fined and sent back to the ship. What do the owners expect when they employ coloured instead of British labour?

Heart Behind the Grille.

Behind the brass grille of the bank's counter lurks many a private woe. Maurice Archdeacon, a Forest Gate cashier, had married without asking his bank first, and was struggling to keep his wife, his sick father, his sick brother, and his unemployed sister. The poor devil gave way to temptation and stole to feed them. His accusing conscience drove him to confess, with the result that he is to serve three months in the Second Division for embezzlement. It's not because Archdeacon is "bad" that he has fallen. Will he have a chance when he comes out?

Cupid in Court.

The Aldershot magistrates were rather perplexed to know what to do with a pretty girl of nineteen who was charged with stealing when a gallant young gunner of the R.H.A. came forward and bashfully declared his willingness to marry her if she would have him. The girl was discharged and left the Court arm-in-arm with her sweetheart, smiling through her tears. Jolly little Cupid!

Father and Son.

Charles Garrett, of Penge, should be grateful to his son. When in drink he threw a knife at his wife, and the boy, who is only thirteen, interposed himself and received a severe wound in the head. But for this Garrett might have found himself indicted for murder or manslaughter; as it was he was fined £1 for common assault. He should try to live in future so as to show himself worthy of such a son.

The Dental Diddle.

Though he had paid his contributions ever since National Health Insurance became law, and has received no benefit whatever, a reader who applied to the National Amalgamated Approved Society for assistance towards the cost of dental treatment, received a letter from that organisation stating that they had received the dentist's estimate, which amounted to £6 10s. Of that sum they were prepared to contribute ten shillings! It is enough to make a toothless man bite his tongue.

Problems of Life.

THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE Valley of Achor was a horrid place. It lay not far from what is now called the Dead Sea.

The locality is a dreary one at this day, but in ancient times was probably worse. Nothing grew there but stunted and unwholesome vegetation.

It had grim associations, too. A whole family, including young children, was stoned to death in that evil spot in merciless retribution for a father's fault.

No wonder men thought of it as a symbol of desolation and despair.

Yet it was this very fact which inspired one of the most beautiful expressions ever written.

Three thousand years ago a compassionate husband said of an erring wife: "I will give her . . . the Valley of Achor for a door of Hope."

He applied the same idea to the nation to which he belonged and which had been passing through bad times. We need men of this sort just now.

There are always those who are ready with the stones for the unfortunates who slip and fall, but not so many with the word of encouragement and the helping hand.

There are always those, too, who are sure the world is going from bad to worse; but what we need are leaders with clear vision of the road through present ills to better things.

To any man of right spirit the Valley of Achor may become a door of hope.

He may find that the very thing which threatened the ruin of all his prospects has flung wide the gate of new opportunity.

He may live to be thankful for the seeming calamity that tears him from old moorings and thrusts him upon a new line of action, revealing unsuspected powers in himself.

A loyal friend may turn the Valley of Achor into a door of hope.

He may have nothing to give but comradeship, but that in itself can make all the difference between success and failure at the crisis of a fellow-man's fate.

Blessed are they who know how to transform the Valley of Achor into a door of hope.

What About the Others?

Are the authorities keeping proper watch on aliens entering our ports? Ernest Guhl, a Swiss, who posed as a student, has just been fined £33 at Folkestone for smuggling in cigars, cigarettes, wine, perfume, chocolates and revolvers! This is the first case we have heard of for some time. Is Guhl the only one at the game?

Gone Away.

In our issue of October 10 we warned our readers against a "Mr. Pearce" or "Pardoe" who ran a swindling solutionist business from 6, Dorset Street, E.C. "Mr. Pearce" has left that address. As soon as Messrs. Feulon & Son, his landlords, learnt from us what kind of a customer they were harbouring unawares, they kicked him out.

Catch this Fish!

An individual advertising under the name of Fish, 73, Mansford Street, Hackney Road, London, E., offers million mark notes for 7½d. each. The profit on such a transaction should surely be sufficient to satisfy the most rapacious shark, but apparently it is not enough for this Fish, for a reader who sent him 2s. 6d. for four notes as curios did not even receive a reply. We wonder how long he will be allowed to go on in this way before he is caught and landed in the dock.

A Dead Secret.

"For years I suffered. I tried everything I could hear of, but not until my husband, the Army surgeon, was told the Sacred Hindoo Secret by the Dying Sepoy, did anything do me any real good." Thus gushes Frederica Hudson, of 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W., who offers a remedy for superfluous hair for £2 2s., subsequently reducing the price to 10s. 6d. What the soldier said is not evidence, but anyone who has lived out East knows that Indian women have their superfluous hair removed by a native barber, who uses a razor!

A Shifty Shark.

A. Harvey Clements, one of the shoal of sharks who snatch fees from unemployed men and women on the pretext of helping them to obtain situations as stewards and stewardesses on ocean liners, has shifted to 365, Battersea Park Road, London, S.W., since we last spotted him. He is totally unable to secure such positions, and we warn readers who might be tempted to send him 3s. in the hope of obtaining an appointment that all they will receive is a big disappointment.

Fleecing the Home-seekers.

Premium snatchers who prey on home-seekers appear to be still carrying on their shameful attempts at illegal extortion. A reader who answered an advertisement of apartments received a reply from C. Shaw, 6, St. Thomas's Square, Hackney, offering "three rooms at £1 a week, premium £10, six months' rent in advance." It cannnot be too widely known that any person requiring the payment of a premium is liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £100.

"Ways and Means."

Among the lengthy descriptions of the business functions of F. Younger & Co., 165, Albert Avenue, Hull, we find "Devisers of Ways and Means." No doubt this appeals to the many people anxious to add to their incomes by spare time work, but as the motto of the firm is "Originality and Thoroughness," applicants may well be disappointed with so hackneyed a device as a demand for 7s. 6d. for a bundle of printed matter which consists chiefly of catalogues and price lists.

The Booze Baronet.

"Are you interested to have your Capital earn you 4s. in the £ Profit in 60 days? I can guarantee you the return of your Capital, together with this handsome Profit in the time stated." Thus a postcard from Sir Brodrick Hartwell, the booze-running baronet of 31, Haymarket, London, S.W. Whatever his guarantee may be worth, we don't think much of his method of acquiring wealth by evading the prohibition laws of a friendly country. In what respect does his conduct differ from that of the Continental smugglers of cocaine?

Tricking the Yard

IT is difficult to understand why the police have been unable to arrest a number of notorious scoundrels who are still moving among us apparently with complete immunity.

There is, for example, that plausible rascal, Alexander Gordon. He is really a Czecho-Slovakian called Richard Sigmund Engel, but sometimes he poses as James J. King, a relative of Mr. Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada.

His specialty is marrying rich women, getting them to entrust him with their money, and then disappearing. Only last August he vanished from the Savoy Hotel in the Strand, carrying off several thousands of pounds' worth of jewellery belonging to a woman he had pretended to marry at a registry office.

The police were busy looking for him everywhere. He has a cleft chin and ought to be easy to find. He would have been found if they had looked in the right place. At the very time Scotland Yard men were supposed to be looking for him he was pressing his attentions upon another prospective victim, whose acquaintance he made at afternoon tea in the Ritz Hotel. A few days later he "married" the second woman and then stole her entire fortune of six thousand pounds!

Then there is the impudent crook who calls himself Walter McWilliam, who poses as the general manager of the Tottenham Hotspur Football Club, a gross insult to Mr. Peter McWilliam, that well-known and popular figure in sporting circles.

This crook has several other names. He should be easily found, for he has a scar on his lip, left cheek and forehead.

The police can easily catch this man if they watch the fashionable restaurants round Piccadilly and the night clubs in Soho, where regularly he turns up to drink with his old friends.

Apart from the people who live by crime and obtaining money by false pretences, and by naked robbery, there is to be observed a growing contempt for police efficiency amongst the class which lives by running night clubs and selling illicit liquor.

A typical example is conveyed in the story of Lugano's Club. This establishment, under the name of the "Dancers Club," was run by an alien called Jean Straker in Little Newport Street. We exposed it, it was subsequently raided, Straker being heavily fined.

We protested that he ought to have been deported, but for some reason or other he has been allowed to remain here. On the ashes of the "Dancers Club" there was opened a club known as the "Chauve-Souris," which we also exposed. The name of the club was changed to "Lugano's," and a man named Ernest Pezzatti became proprietor.

It was raided. Pezzatti was given bail, but disappeared. Why was Pezzatti allowed to abscond?

Every Man a Millionaire

AT last wealth is within the reach of us all—wealth immeasurable, unbelievable. Like a dream is this tale of merry millions, and like sad reality is the awakening. Don't order your limousine until you have read the story through.

ONE of the saddest things in life is the bitter realisation that men who have discovered the secret of making lots and lots, and pots and pots, of money, either will not or cannot pass on the secret to others. If only they could, how happy we should all be, how supremely indifferent about trivial matters like the income tax or our debt to America.

So when we come across a philanthropic fellow who is willing to give us the secret of untold wealth, willing to show us how it is done and even do it for us, we bow respectfully in his direction and hail him as one of the World's Greatest Benefactors.

The gentleman we have in mind is called Mr. H. Bennett, and he lives at 12, Starkie Street, Winckley Square, Preston. Some day no doubt his statue will adorn Winckley Square, and benefactors will visit it as a golden shrine and make obeisances before it.

That is for the future. For the present it is more appropriate to hand on to others the golden secret the benevolent Bennett has been kind enough to hand on to us. "Do you want £10,000 for 37s. 6d. without risk?" asks the affable and amiable and alluring Preston Philanthropist. With indecent haste we reply of course we do. Very well, says Bennett, here is how it is done.

You send 37s. 6d. to buy a membership certificate in the Mutual Benefit Society, which lives modestly at the same address as Mr. Bennett. And you send to him also the names of ten people who may be also interested in acquiring so welcome an asset as £10,000 in real bullion.

The ten people you introduce, introduce ten others. Each of the ten others introduces ten more, and each of the ten more introduces a further ten. You merely sit at home busily raking in commission at the rate of two shillings for each of the new members that join up as the result of your kindness in bringing to their notice the prospects of the Great Bennett Gold Mine.

We have not sent our thirty-seven and six. It is not because we disdain such slight accretions to our wealth as the trivial sum of £10,000. It is because we frankly do not believe that every member who goes in for this scheme can get ten thousand pounds out of it.

Mathematics is a dread science. There is no getting over it. It shows that if ten introductions produce a second class of a hundred introductions, and if they go on to a third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh class, each member of which introduces his ten names, the total number comes to something like eleven millions.

It is delightful to sit at home and calculate how much two shillings commission on each of eleven million new members will come to. We have not worked it out. But it ought to be enough to make everybody who has had the happiness of receiving a circular from Mr. Bennett a millionaire.

What we can see happening is that the population of this country will shortly be divided into Bennett Millionaires on the one hand, and on the other into employees of the Mutual Benefit Society, frantically filling acres and acres of ledgers with millions and millions of credits at two shillings a time from everybody else in the known world. Because really there isn't anybody alive so foolish as to refuse £10,000, or perhaps a million, when it can be obtained so simply.

We are not sure that we ought not to recommend the Government to take over this idea, and to compel everybody by Act of Parliament to send thirty-seven and sixpence to Mr. Bennett, and then mobilize the army that won the great war and employ it clerking for Bennett so that he may have a fair chance to keep his acres and acres of ledgers up to date.

Apart from anything else, this would solve the problem of unemployment. It might be necessary to build a couple of hundred of battleships to patrol our coasts and prevent greedy Czecho-Slovakians and hungry Lithuanians from swarming to this country in order to fill their empty stomachs with the champagne and oysters and things like that which everybody will be able to buy here once the admirable Bennett gets firmly into his stride.

It must not be thought that this scheme is unworthy of the attention of the Government. The Postmaster General should certainly be consulted about it. The society sends statements of its earnings to all its members, which means that millions of postage stamps must be bought and millions of letters posted. It may be necessary to build great post office clearing-houses in various parts of the country so that the Channels of Bennett Wealth may not be Unnecessarily Choked.

But we have to advise our readers to keep their money in their pockets, not because Mr. Bennett's scheme is not noble in its dignity, gracious in its intentions and fascinating in its scope, but because from the practical point of view it is all sheer nonsense, simply the exploitation of the old snowball idea for flat catching.

It is like most of our dreams of untold wealth, the dreadful thing about them is that they are only dreams.

Down on a Farm

THERE is a superstition that it is unlucky to brush away a money spider if it should alight on you, but we have here a web spinner of a sort that should be crushed under heel without compunction.

A Yorkshire farmer who required more capital for development purposes was attracted by an advertisement offering money at 10 per cent. He offered as security for a loan of £500 farm property worth, at a recent valuation, nearly £1,000.

He received a letter from 1, West Cromwell Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W., expressing full satisfaction with the security, and asking for seven guineas for the expenses of a confidential agent who would inspect the property and arrange the amount of the loan and the rate of interest. This letter was signed "A. Hicks," but it is doubtful whether such a person has any real existence. If he has, it is strange, as appears from subsequent correspondence, that he has about as many different styles of signatures as there are letters to his name.

The amount of expenses was eventually fixed at four guineas, and the farmer having sent this sum, the real villain of the piece made his appearance in Yorkshire and proved to be none other than our old acquaintance, "J. C. Lubbock," or, to give him his proper description, John Charles Crichton Loftus Tottenham, formerly a Lieutenant in the Guards, later a financial agent, and at one time an undischarged bankrupt.

J. C., etc., spent the day on the farm, professed to be delighted with the security and promised that an advance of £500 at 6 per cent. would be arranged immediately on his return to London. Before departing however, he mentioned a little matter of expenses for negotiating the loan, and the would-be borrower ultimately signed a form agreeing these at £20 and paid £5 on account.

Having obtained over £9 and spent a pleasant day in the country, the money spider could afford to spend a few coppers on stamps, and an indefinite sort of correspondence followed, but to this day no loan has been forthcoming.

The farmer at last grew suspicious and wrote and asked for the return of the money he had paid in anticipation of the completion of the transaction, but of course received no answer.

It is an amazing thing that this sort of swindling can apparently be carried on with impunity. We have exposed this spider repeatedly, giving instances of the way in which he has spun his web to extract money from people legitimately desirous of finding fresh capital, but though his methods amount to nothing less than obtaining money by false pretences, he continues to escape prosecution.

Such vermin should be stamped on.

The Great Hotel Mystery

WHO was responsible for passing the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond as suitable in every way for a hospital for disabled men? A less suitable place for invalided men it would be difficult to find.

WHEN the full story of the initiation and retarded evolution of the Star and Garter Hospital for disabled Soldiers and Sailors comes to be told, it will make very interesting reading. A goodly part can be related now when this still incompleted undertaking has come into the limelight again.

For many years the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond was a White Elephant that the owners found themselves unable to dispose of. Then, in the mid-war years, some bright spirit hit upon a brilliant idea, which after some delay bore golden fruit.

A committee was formed, and Queen Mary was asked graciously to accept the White Elephant as a gift for the purpose of a hospital for disabled men. The Queen's name, as it always does, proved the talisman which helped the committee to collect the huge sum of money required to purchase the historic hotel and its valuable site, and so relieve the estate owners of their hitherto unwanted property.

No more unsuitable position for a hospital could have been chosen. The romantic and historic history of the Star and Garter has often been told in the past, and the beauties of the view over the river and the lovely surrounding country, have been pictured over and over again by famous artists.

As the one-time popular song has it, "it's all right in the summer time," but even then damp white mists roll up from the Thames at night, and at all times the climate is enervating and depressing. The London Scottish encamped in Richmond Park in the early war years were much affected by this, and numbers of them became victims of rheumatism and similar ills.

Yet with full knowledge of its climatic unsuitability, this fatuous Star and Garter Hospital scheme was pushed through on a wave of public enthusiasm, supported by generous subscriptions given in the belief that the building would be quickly converted into a health-promoting house of rest and healing for our broken men.

Many protests were made at the time at the unsuitability of the position, but these proved unavailing.

After this great achievement came a considerable lull. Then the public learnt that operations had commenced to convert the building to its new and patriotic purpose. After another lull, and the waste of a lot of money, came the startling announcement (foreseen by many shrewd observers of the movement) that the Star and Garter building had been found to be quite unfitted for the purpose of a hospital, and it was to be razed to the ground and a new building, for which plans had been prepared and approved, would be erected on the site. For this purpose, funds of course were to be raised.

When this astounding situation arose, JOHN BULL had something to say about it, and we ask again: Who was responsible for passing the Star and Garter as "fitted in every way" for its intended beneficent purpose, and so causing the huge sum to be paid for a site only, and that quite unfitted as a position for a hospital? With such a cog on its wheel, the hospital has progressed in halting fashion. To-day, five years after the Armistice, it remains unopened.

What possessed the Navy League to hand over, through the Red Cross, £22,000 raised by the League—to perpetuate the memory of Jack Cornwell, the boy sailor hero—to such an ill-begotten undertaking as this? The avowed purpose was to endow a section of the Soldiers' Hospital or Home, yet to be completed, for the use of Sailors and Marines.

The proposition sounds all right until it is looked into. But it will not bear looking at. The money was given to honour the memory of Jack Cornwell, and perpetuate his name in association with some real Navy beneficent purpose—not to be submerged in an altogether inappropriate and somewhat discredited project.

To add, or endow, a ward in a sailors' home at Portsmouth, Plymouth or other Navy centre—Yes; but to help a lame scheme over a Richmond stile—No!

The subscribers to the Navy League fund of £22,000 never contemplated such a miserable denouement. Even if the special ward for Sailors is now added to the original plans, in order to secure £62,000, earmarked "Jack Cornwell Memorial," old mariners or disabled seamen sent to Richmond for the benefit of their health will still find the place unhealthy.

Who would expect them, accustomed as they are to the bracing, tonic qualities of the sea breeze, to make quick recovery in the enervating atmosphere of a Thames river bank?

Is it too late to retrieve the Navy League fund? In any case, the League owes it to an anxious public to make some clear statement about the present fogged outlook. How the brass tablet to Jack Cornwell's memory was scrapped when his ship was overhauled, we know. We reported its disappearance and we have not yet heard of its recovery.

The £62,000 raised by the Navy League in his name must not be scrapped on a riverside rubbish heap. We shall watch it.

A Touch of King Midas

"Oh! He is a millionaire, he has the touch of King Midas; everything he touches turns to gold." In this flamboyant strain Mr. E. J. Bedingfield, whose other name is the Sentinal Trust Company, introduces his money-making scheme to the public.

We do not think we can be far wrong in taking Mr. Bedingfield for an American, for he describes his company as "specialists in investment securities" and "fiscal agents." There is a distinct Yankee touch about this description, although his circulars are addressed from 44-46 Kingsway, W.C. 2.

It comes as a welcome change that Mr. Bedingfield is not offering for sale plots of supposed oil land in Texas or Arkansas. He has a more up-to-date scheme, no less than the sale of shares in a tobacco company formed for the disposal of a brand of cigarettes known as the "Carnival."

The Carnival Cigarette Company is stated to have been registered with a capital of £25,000, divided into 500,000 shares of the par value of 1s. each, and half of these are now offered at the price of 1s. 6d. apiece.

Why they should be started at a premium of 50 per cent. we fail to understand.

Mr. Bedingfield plumes himself on having secured the services of the well-known cigarette manufacturer, Mr. I. R. Barkoff, "who has been in this business for over forty years." Mr. Barkoff has been remarkably successful in hiding his light under a bushel, for we confess to never having heard of him before. Neither does the circular provide any information as to the tangible successes which Mr. Bedingfield is supposed to have achieved. There is no record of his past profits, there is no valuation of his business. There is not even the address at which he has carried it on.

These considerations might be set aside in view of the instances of wonderful profits which have been achieved by Cope Brothers, an old-established English tobacco firm, the British Distribution Company, paper makers, of Montrose, and Becker and Company, paper makers, shipowners, etc. These three instances are quoted in Mr. Bedingfield's circular as examples of what can be done by small investments of savings.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Bedingfield that in the last-mentioned case, Messrs. Becker and Company have, within the last few days, been compelled to go into liquidation, together with several of their associated companies.

We can find it in our hearts to be sympathetic with Mr. Bedingfield and his Sentinal Trust Company in having been so unfortunate as to select Messrs. Becker and Company as an instance of what may be achieved by participation in the Carnival Cigarette Company.

An Invisible Trench Coat

THE local police have received a number of inquiries regarding a concern called George Weston and Co., of Westo House, Inverness Road, Hounslow. So have we.

This firm offered to sell Army trench coats to the public on the instalment system. You paid fifteen shillings with your order and the balance in nine weekly instalments of five shillings, so that altogether the cost of the coat was three pounds—a very good price.

Moreover, George Weston and Co., who are described as "Trench Coat Specialists," advertised freely and gave what they called a legal guarantee, which they said fully protected their customers. If the coat was not satisfactory the money paid for it would be refunded if the garment was returned within seven days.

Mrs. Isabel Watt, of 26, Stafford Street, Edinburgh, who is a soldier's widow, working hard to make a little extra money to bring up her five children respectably, sent fifteen shillings deposit for a coat and paid two further instalments of five shillings each. That was at the beginning of the year.

She has not got her coat yet, although according to the advertisement, it was to be sent carriage paid on receipt of the first deposit. After a delay of over a month she was told that the demand had exceeded expectations, but that everything was being done to expedite the esteemed order.

Two months later George Weston and Co., wrote to say that the firm was unfortunately in financial difficulties and unable to return deposits paid on account. But it said that it had refunded £10,000 in accordance with its advertised terms of business, thus proving its "bona-fide."

We suppose the writer meant bona-fides, but what it proves to us is that over ten thousand customers must have been dissatisfied with the coats in order to claim the refund of their money under the terms of the guarantee. As Mrs. Watt never saw the coat, she apparently had no guarantee.

George Weston and Co., however, made what was apparently a handsome offer to Mrs. Watt. They undertook to pass on the order for execution to the manufacturers if Mrs. Watt, after the receipt of the goods, would continue the payments she had originally promised to make.

It seemed a fair offer to give Mrs. Watt what she wanted. So Mrs. Watt wrote to the new firm—but got no reply to her two letters, which puts a different complexion upon the transaction from her point of view.

The truth is that the firm of George Weston and Co., of Westo House, Hounslow, has gone west. The moral is not to buy goods advertised in newspapers which show no sense of responsibility or discrimination as to the class of advertisers whose announcements they publish.

The Battle of Hastings

STRANGE things are sometimes done in this country in the name of the law, and some of the strangest have occurred recently at Hastings.

The local police force and police court exist ostensibly for the protection of the public, but the business of both seems to be conducted in such a manner as to make them instruments of persecution rather than protection.

Only a week or so ago a motorist who had been convicted of driving dangerously appealed in the King's Bench Division on the ground that the magistrates' clerk, who acted and retired with the magistrates when they considered their decision, was connected with a firm of solicitors who were acting in a civil action which had been brought against him on account of the same collision.

The Lord Chief Justice very properly quashed the conviction and gave costs against the Hastings magistrates, remarking that it was necessary that not even a suspicion should arise that injustice had been done.

This is a sufficiently strange situation in an English Court of Law, in all conscience, but "curiouser and curiouser," as Alice said, is the amazing series of summonses issued against Mr. A. Mitchell, a prominent motor charabanc proprietor.

Mr. Mitchell is an independent owner, and has for some time been engaged in a fare-rate war with the local combine, in which he has been so successful that they have had to reduce their fares to London from £1 to his rate of 5s.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the members of the combine were very crestfallen at having been compelled to capitulate in this conflict, and we can well imagine that they jumped for joy when summonses for technical offences were hurled at the victor.

There were actually eighty-six of them, forty-three being against Mr. Mitchell himself and the rest against his employees.

Even the magistrates seemed aghast at the gigantic task before them.

However, a start was made, Harry Britten being charged with touting. The only witness for the prosecution was a policeman, who had to admit that he had received no complaints. The Bench were satisfied that there was no annoyance, and dismissed the case, ordering the police to pay the costs.

A similar summons against Dudley Sinnock was dismissed, again with costs against the police.

A driver named Peddlesden was then charged with plying for hire, but there was no evidence whatever that this offence had been committed and the case was dismissed.

What will happen to the rest of the summonses remains to be seen, but the Hastings ratepayers naturally feel very sick at seeing their money squandered on such fatuous prosecutions—or persecutions!

A Phantom House Society

SO many people are keen to possess homes of their own that bogus-purchase rascals have plenty of ground to work on. Below we tell of one of these ramps and call the Public Prosecutor to deal with the instigator.

WHAT answer is the Public Prosecutor going to give to the appeal we made to him recently to investigate the case of a sanctimonious rascal named Francis Samuel Caudle? We publicly accused this man of taking money from people he duped under circumstances that we say amount to a gross and naked swindle.

An inquiry has been held into the Industrial House Purchase Society, Ltd., Caudle's bogus concern, by the Inspector to the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, and his report gives official confirmation to the charges we made against this glib-tongued local preacher from Poplar, as well as some further revelations of his scandalous financial misconduct.

Caudle's high-sounding house purchase ramp began its inglorious career on August 15, 1922. It closed down on June 11, 1923. During that period it collected something like £6,000. It spent less than half this on the purposes for which it was ostensibly founded. It refunded nearly a thousand pounds mostly to people who had put money in and issued writs to get it back again.

Close on £2,000 was received from members for subscriptions and deposits and not returned to them. We can account for it. The "management expenses" in ten months came to £2,184. That is where the money went.

The company only completed three mortgage transactions, though several others were ventured upon and not completed. To carry out these three over £2,000 was spent of the money which had been paid into the society for the specific purpose of getting houses.

Salaries and commissions to agents amount to £642, another £660 was spent on "management" salaries, and £200 was spent on advertising to induce people to send in more money. Caudle, who was secretary, paid himself £10 a week, and paid £8 10s. a week to a member of the committee who acted as bookkeeper.

Here is an example of the kind of dealings to which we direct the attention of the Public Prosecutor. A Mrs. O'Dea wanted to buy a property. She paid the society £118, and it was to advance her the balance on a mortgage of the property.

Mr. Caudle borrowed £400 and got the property transferred to him in his own name. The lady has been under the delusion that the property was hers. It is not. All that is hers is the bankrupt hope of getting back her lost £118.

Caudle also got money to the extent of some £400 from various people to whom he offered positions on a salary and commission basis. There was a Mr. Blackshaw who was a neighbour of the pious and contemptible Caudle. He was a mechanic who had unfortunately lost his hand. But Caudle persuaded him to put £150 into the society, which, unhappily for himself, he did.

Then there is a Mr. Tushaw. He put in £100 in order to become an agent. He met with an accident and lost a leg. The halt and the lame were apparently the ideal victims of Caudle. He offered to increase Tushaw's salary if he came to London and to build him a bungalow if he could put up another £185. Tushaw could only get together £100. Caudle took it from him. That was in May last. On June 11, the society went smash.

Caudle knew when he took this money from this unfortunate and crippled man that the concern was hopelessly waterlogged, hopelessly insolvent, and heading straight for ruin and collapse. If that is not thievery, the English language has lost its force.

Two of the committee, Messrs. Tully and Carter, were builders. They were paid salaries and did various jobs in the way of building and fencing and things like that, and were paid for it in addition to the salaries they drew as committee men.

On April 11, of this year the Society was in a desperate condition. Yet Caudle took from Dr. Harper, of Brighton, £500 to build a house at Hove. He used this money to pay other people who were threatening him. Dr. Harper never got his bungalow.

An even worse case. The offices were closed on June 11. The work of the society ceased. Caudle migrated to Bristol. In July an application was made to the Chief Registrar for an inspection.

This man, Caudle, not content to take money from unsuspecting people for a specific purpose which could not, as he knew would not, be fulfilled, had the amazing impertinence to go a step further.

When he opened up in Bristol after the smash, he advertised that he could build houses, negotiate property, buy land, in fact, do anything in the house purchase line. He did not explain that his experience in business of this kind had led to the disastrous calamity we have exposed.

But what he did was something more Caudle-like.

In August he took £100 from a man named Gem. He says this was for a private transaction. A receipt for the money was given on a form bearing the name of the Industrial House Purchase Society, Ltd., his preposterous concern which at that time was not only dead but damned.

What has the Public Prosecutor got to say?

The Fruits of Success

Mr. W. Tomlinson.

"IF my prize had been £100,000 it could not have given me a greater shock!"

Those were the words of Mr. W. Tomlinson, of 40, Esmond Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, winner of the First Prize of £2,000 in our 500th "Bullets" Competition.

"I was afraid," he continued, "that the telegram contained bad news of my mother who has been ill for a long time. When I saw that it was to announce my win of £2,000, my heart almost stopped beating."

One can well imagine the effect of such a bombshell on a competitor whose weekly earnings are comparatively small. But Mr. Tomlinson is a shrewd little Yorkshireman, and the first thrill of success has now given place to cool consideration of the new outlook on life which his big prize has provided.

A fruit salesman by trade, Mr. Tomlinson is employed at what he jokingly termed the Manchester "School of Languages." By this, he explained, he meant the big Smithfield Fruit Market of the city.

"I have been entering for various competitions for some little time" he said, "but 'Bullets' has always been my favourite. I have previously won 'Target' prizes, but although I always watched the winning lists very hopefully, I never expected that I should land such a huge prize as £2,000."

The news of Mr. Tomlinson's big win, he told us, spread like wildfire over Smithfield Market, and his arm was soon aching from handshakes of congratulation. Many of his acquaintances, envying him his good fortune, have already made up their minds to secure some "Bullets" prizes for themselves.

"I don't mind telling you," he assured us, "that this £2,000 cheque will be paid straight into the bank, and not a penny of the money will be wasted. Since my war service my health has never been good, but now I shall be able to afford the treatment which I have long needed. Later on I hope to invest some of the money in a little business of my own."

"For some time past," he went on smilingly, "I have been thinking of getting married. Perhaps now that I can feel independent . . ." but this is no place for such secrets!

For all that, we are glad to know that once again "Bullets" First Prize has set a deserving man on his feet, with every prospect of future prosperity and happiness.

Action—Not Words!

by GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

AT the very moment when Great Britain needs most a pulling-together by all hands, the country is being plunged into the chaos and confusion inseparable from a General Election. What do our suffering ex-Servicemen care for the platform encounters of professional careerists, asks General Hamilton, when work is the thing hardest to find, and wife and children starve in miserable homes?

General Sir Ian Hamilton.

DURING the past few months it has fallen to my lot to speak to many thousands of my old comrades, and it has been put to me that it might be helpful to the ex-Service man if I made a little word picture of their attitude towards life and present-day politics.

There is, in England itself, a slight separation here between the North and South. The folk south of London are slower; they cling a little longer to their loyalty to their old ally, France, than do the mechanics, miners and weavers of Yorkshire or Lancashire; but, as compared with foreigners, as compared to the ex-Service men of France, Belgium, Italy and America, the British soldier does not know the meaning of either of those words—hatred or revenge.

Anger he does know, but it is reserved for those who are on the warpath whether military or political. The very instant his enemy goes down his hatred dies. He has no use for a scalp. His favourite newspaper, his best girl, his clergyman who delivers an oration at a war memorial; all these may screech their war cries over a dying foe; he alone amongst the ex-Service men of the world would like to render him first aid.

SOME of my readers may be surprised. Why not? They've been spoon fed upon a diet of delusions, and there's nothing so surprising, nothing so exciting, nothing so apt to stick in their gullet, as a fact.

"What is truth?" asked jesting Pilate: "What is a fact?" asks Hamilton, and—more serious than the late Governor of Judea—will try to give his answer.

A fact is a thought anchored to reality by the senses. When the senses fail, that thought drifts away into fairyland. You and I can only turn a thought into a fact by gripping hold of it with our senses. If my senses mislead me I must mislead myself. If I mislead myself I may mislead others. But, in my particular case, there exists at least this corrective to an inaccurate apprehension. Should I convey to the public an "idea" of the British ex-Service men which is not a "fact," why then, next spring, their delegates in council assembled will give me the push.

The ex-Service man looks out upon Europe and his own country with eyes not jaundiced. He, alone in the whole world, so far as I am aware, bears no ill-will to any section of mankind. He, alone in England, invites the German Ambassador to join with him in a solemn requiem for his own dead comrades, thereby doing something practical to ensure that peace on earth to which so much lip service is rendered.

Yet—in other respects—how darkly, in how harsh an aspect, does Christmas 1923 loom before him. An effort of memory is needed if the fell handicap from which he must continue to suffer till he dies is to be taken to heart by the hungry generation now pressing so hard upon his heels. He, too, not so many years ago, was an eager boy making himself ready to step into the shoes of his elders. He, too, was graduating in the best school, that of apprenticeship to a trade.

CAME the Call! Down with the tools; up with the rifle, and good-bye to his training for a life of successful industry. Successful industry indeed! What recked he of industry when, taking his one little speck of life in his hand, he launched off into hell at Gallipoli?

Not all of it hell perhaps; some moments of desperate struggle when existence became more highly coloured, more dramatic than could ever be possible in peace; some moments, too, of that intenser feeling of brotherhood which can only be developed by an enemy. Still, whatever they may have been, those years he spent with the Colours, they were a "wash-out" for the art of earning a livelihood, excepting only that one trick of digging Hindenburg Lines or their peace time parallels, Mid-Scotland canals.

> ***"WHATEVER party will throw the apple of discord overboard until happier times come round—and will take up the slogan of 'Work—Not Dole'—will win, and deserve to win, the votes of all ex-Service men."***

Through no fault of his own he has wasted his youth almost as much as if he had spent it in riotous living. He is a man with a handicap from now onwards, and all the time it was he—and not that foreman of his—who was the better man of the two when their country stood in peril.

Could there be anything better calculated to brew bitterness? Well, those splendid fellows have no bitterness. Just as they have no hate for the ex-enemy, so they have until now, by common consent, agreed to sit tight upon their political grievances.

There is in their tense attitude a look which reminds me of the men of D Company of the Gordons as we shot in our frail whalers down the foaming cataracts of the Nile after the death of our hero, Charles Gordon. We are all in the same boat.

Let the stay-at-homes—let the new generation—let those who hold the best jobs now—make trouble. The ex-Service man would have none of it—not till we had reached the open seas and the steady trade winds. What's more, he would have knocked the stuffing out of those lads had they threatened to endanger the equilibrium of this island, for that would have drowned us all. So there they have sat—still as statues—trimming the boat, suffering—but suffering in silence.

Then, suddenly, the man at the helm himself breaks the compact of the cataract. He takes his hand off the tiller and pulls out of his pocket the apple of discord.

An enemy once said of Mr. Gladstone that he threw an apple of discord. But Gladstone did not choose the moment when his country was standing cap in hand before M. Poincaré. Europe was not, in the Grand Old Man's time, faced by an imminent crash. Gladstone was not up to the neck in commitments to some millions of old soldiers!

OUT of numberless cases duly authenticated and dealt with—which have been brought to my notice—take these:

An ex-Service man, wife and child lived on nettles for a fortnight. The fire was composed of bits of wood and rubbish.

Ex-Fusilier, with active service in South Africa and France, the latter for four years: house condemned, compelled to enter workhouse; felt crushed and took his discharge from same; tramped with wife and four children in search of work, which he had the good fortune to find after he had been several nights in the open. His employer speaks of him as a capital workman. Incidentally, his wife lost four brothers in the war.

Ex-Service man, out of work two years, compelled to pawn everything of value. Then left home on the tramp to seek work. Helped by other ex-Servicemen on the way; still on the tramp.

Man and wife, with four children, 7s. 6d. only coming in to feed six mouths for seven days. The breadwinner in ill-health—not unnaturally perhaps.

Lieutenant, aged 35, married; two children. Enlisted 1912—two years nine months overseas; M.C. and D.C.M. Unemployed fifteen months; starving. This was a terrible case, and the man and his family were absolutely at their wits'-ends.

Our nightmare problem is the wayfarer who, unable to get work in his own town, takes in desperation to the road, and naturally is compelled at night to seek the hospitality of the casual ward, unless he prefers to sleep in the open.

WE are gradually building up an army of wayfarers, men demoralised in spirit. What is their future? It is absolutely blank. The 2,175 Legion Clubs throughout the country have been as a beacon of light to these poor fellows, and there they can generally reckon on getting something to help them on the way.

So now the Members of Parliament are going to meet these men who, by easy speech and flattery, were led by the trick khaki election to believe that they were about to doss down in Eldorado.

They come now, sent to us often by their own M.P. No one can know what real distress is unless he is one of the distressed; that is God's own truth, but so also is it God's own truth that many refuse to know even the little they might know.

No matter, the fiat has gone forth. Helpless, headlong, we plunge into the unknown; not in search of a mandate for an immense organised effort to meet the troubles of this winter, but to discuss political nostrums which may improve—or worsen—employment two years hence. That is how nine out of ten of the ex-Servicemen look at the matter.

I don't say they are right; I don't say they are wrong; but I do affirm that the average man has no more use for this encounter between professional careerists than he would have, if they were to stop all traffic in the streets whilst they played a game of dominoes. He wants work. He wants the instantaneous initiation by Government directly or otherwise, of adequate schemes of Public Works and improvements, including the Mid-Scotland Canal, Afforestation, Fen Reclamation, Roads, Street improvements, and real Housing Schemes.

"WORK not Doles"; "Action not Talk"; "To-day not To-morrow" are his slogans, and these are my best tips to the way to get the votes of the British ex-Serviceman.

Ian Hamilton

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To RAMSAY MacDONALD, Esq.,
Leader of the Labour Party.

SIR,—Just as I was about to congratulate you on your wisdom in dropping the Capital Levy nonsense, comes your declaration that you "stand where you did." But your further pronouncement that "it will not be levied until expert advice has been considered" leaves me nonplussed. Are you actually telling us that you are appealing to the country for support for a measure which your party has not even considered? This is an astounding confession. We want men who get the facts first and talk afterwards. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Mr. JUSTICE DARLING.
81, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.

MY LORD,—For twenty-six years you have served as a Judge, and now at the age of 74 you have retired. Our Courts of Justice will be the poorer for your loss. You have always been fair; always sympathetic; never given way to legal clap-trap. Your reputation as a joker may perhaps have concealed these sterling qualities. So many people think a jester must necessarily be a fool.
JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. H. L. CARSON,
c.o. Lord Carson, 5, Eaton Place, London, S.W.

DISHONOURABLE SIR,—I am not sure whether the above address will find you, for I must confess that if you were my son I should forbid you to darken my doors. Your latest outrage on decency is to defame the honour of the British South Africa Police, in which you served for a time. As you confess that while acting as a waiter at an officers' dance, you got as drunk as a log and had to be roused by the boot of "some old sergeant," I should imagine that gallant body of men were glad to get rid of you. I can assure you that many old sergeants are itching to kick you now. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. F. J. WALDO,
Coroner, City of London.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Your remarks regarding many panel doctors corroborate what I have been saying for some time. We know how well a few of the medicos have done out of the Panel system, but it is too bad that they should neglect their patients, slipping away for week-ends to the country and leaving no one in charge of their surgeries. Heaven knows, a hard-worked doctor requires rest like all of us, but at least he can see that someone will be in his place to attend to the suffering patients who, after all, make these week-ends possible. Tell them so again. JOHN BULL.

To Brig.-General KENTISH,
Secretary, British Olympic Council.

SIR,—It is too bad that you have not yet received from the public the £10,000 required in order that our competitors at the Olympic Games will have a real opportunity of showing their worth. While every other country prepares feverishly, Britain still lags behind. Some of our compatriots are so busy deploring our "decadency" that they can't spare the time (or the money) to give our athletes a helping hand. However, we have still some *real* sports left, and you will get the sum required. JOHN BULL.

To "JIMMY" BANKS,
His Excellency, "Patriarch of Windsor."

DEAR CRANK,—The articles I have written about you have caused a great deal of interest in religious circles, where you are regarded as an absurdity. I have obtained some particulars concerning your secretary, Mr. Lawrence Hood. As this youth has considerably upset some regular clergymen from whom he has borrowed money, I ask you whether you cannot see your way to raise his salary. I want to keep in touch with him. JOHN BULL.

STILL BLOWING BUBBLES!

To the Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN, Bart.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

RT. HON. SIR,—When you declared that the unemployed could find work if they looked for it, I offered to find the men if you would tell me where the work was. Mr. William Straker, Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association, made a similar offer, and you glibly replied that people must find work for themselves. When he protested against this cruel insult to the workless, you retorted with an outburst of sneers and gibes at his Christianity, and concluded a strange correspondence by exclaiming "Damn it, do let me have a share of your saving grace." I can only say do let me have a little less of your frothy, theoretic balderdash, damn it!
JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Sir CHARLES WAKEFIELD,
City of London Guildhall.

SIR,—Last week you were asked by the sanitary authorities to condemn a quantity of meat which had been seized at Smithfield Market. You very rightly pointed out that there had been an abnormal number of similar seizures of unfit meat recently, and stated that a medical friend of yours had informed you that unwholesome meat is the likely cause of cancer. I am glad to know that you have joined me in protesting against the sale of poisoned food. For months I have urged an inquiry into this grave problem. The inquiry is now being held—behind closed doors. It is a disgrace that the British people should be poisoned as well as robbed by the appallingly extensive sale of unfit food. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. "PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON,
President, Gas and Waterworks, Unlimited.

BO,—How d'ye like the news from Scotland? After all your prowling and preaching, those goldarned Highlanders go and vote wet! If that isn't the limit! And the Rev. Hugh Menzies says at the Town Hall, of Paisley: "As a minister of the gospel, occupying a very responsible position in the church, I declare that the policy of no licence is absolutely unscriptural and un-Christian." And they cheered him! Get that? Then he said that the no-licence party were employing methods that did not have the sanction and authority of the scripture. And they cheered him again. Gee, buddy, you'd better put on pyjamas and get into bed. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE SHEARMAN,
Staffordshire Assizes.

MY LORD,—One of two unfortunate lovers who had tried to commit suicide by gas poisoning was found just alive and nursed back to health to be put on trial for attempted murder. A compassionate jury refused to bring in a verdict of guilty and add further to the punishment that the poor devil had undergone. You lectured them severely, telling them that they obviously desired to encourage suicides. That is nonsense. People who are resolved to take their lives do not bother in anticipation about the disapproval of the jury. It is the law, not the jury, that is overstraining its usefulness. JOHN BULL.

To E. ELLMORE, Esq.,
Secretary, Society for Suppression of Gambling.

SIR,—I agree with you that gambling amongst the young ought to be suppressed. But you are running a grave danger of being laughed at as a crank when you rush into print with lurid predictions of the awful fate which awaits children who enter for harmless competitions in which they hope to get "something for nothing." Is the boy who asks you in the street for a cigarette card doomed to eternal damnation? If so, there is no hope for humanity. We all want something for nothing. So long as we don't indulge in dishonest or vicious forms of gambling our little flutters are nobody's concern. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

BEWARE OF PARROT CRIES!

The Inky Monster

LORD ROTHERMERE has effected his gigantic newspaper monopoly with singularly little protest from the people.

Daily there flows from Fleet Street a stream of manufactured opinion that, though it speaks in sixteen different tongues, is still the voice of one man.

Already owner of the *Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Pictorial*, *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, and *Weekly Dispatch*, Lord Rothermere has now acquired an interest in the *Evening Standard*, and control of the *Daily Sketch*, *Sunday Herald*, *Daily Dispatch*, *Evening Chronicle*, *Sporting Chronicle*, *Sunday Chronicle*, and *Empire News*.

The tentacles of this inky monster spread even to Scotland, where the *Daily Record*, the *Weekly Record*, and the *Sunday Mail* are component parts of this vast machine.

The immeasurable power represented by this collection of papers becomes doubly dangerous when the man behind the combine is of the type that could adjure the nation to take off its hat to France, wilfully blind to the fact that France was obstinately holding to a policy inimical to the peace and prosperity of his own country.

In the past people may have bought his papers for the excellent news service he maintains, but news is not a monopoly, and the time may well come when his readers will cease to be amused by his "opinions." It might pay Lord Rothermere to ponder on this.

A Plea for Justice

WITH the situation in the coalfields rapidly approaching a serious crisis, the National Coal Board is still considering the question of miners' wages. The other day the Prince of Wales described the miner's lot as one of the most hazardous occupations. We entirely agree. The melancholy tale of the recent pit accident brings home to what extent the coal is hewed at the cost of lives.

Whilst we have no hesitation in stating that it is not fair nor in their own interests for any class of workmen to demand a wage that is uneconomical, we have equally no hesitation in stating that in this instance the miners have a strong case.

The price of coal at the pithead and the price to the consumer reveal a margin that speaks eloquently of disproportionate profits to someone. During the transit from pithead to consumer someone is pocketing easy money—money that is too often the price of human life.

Surely it is not a difficult matter to find out where this leakage occurs? It is someone's responsibility to stop these profiteers and give the resultant saving to the man whose life is at stake every time he goes down the pit.

An Election of Blindfolded Voters

MR. BALDWIN'S "snap" election has been timed at a most inopportune moment. It is safe to say that the issues at stake are not understood by 10 per cent. of the electorate.

UNTIL Mr. Baldwin decided to plunge the country into the turmoil of a General Election at a time when, in spite of the extreme delicacy of the foreign situation, British trade was on the up-grade, we had clung steadily to the impression that at long last we had a Premier with a vision.

For this reason we regret to find him the catspaw of the party wirepullers, gulled into using unemployment as a party cry, making the electors the mere playthings of politicians.

This election, rushed upon the country without warning, is a shabby political manœuvre. Mr. Baldwin must know that Protection will not cure unemployment just as those who are advocating Free Trade and a Capital Levy must know full well the hollowness of their claims. One and all they are simply party parrot cries.

There is not a section of the community that will not be hard hit by this attempt to stampede the nation. The small traders find their Christmas prospects gone. In the City business is stagnant before the uncertainty. The prospects of a real trade revival have been damned, and an immediate result has been the fall of the pound sterling in America.

In the face of facts like these, can anyone doubt that the whole thing is merely a shrewdly calculated move in the political game?

AN influential Committee has been appointed to advise on the proposed duties on manufactured goods. Surely it would have been not only wise, but honest, to have postponed taking the decision of the country until everyone had been put in possession of the vital information that will be contained in their report.

Instead, the Government has chosen to ask the people to vote upon a measure of Protection so limited and vague that it affords no clear cut issue whatever.

It is obvious that no permanent measures for relieving unemployment can be formulated and made effective before the passing of the winter.

In the intervening time of greatest distress, it is essential to fall back on public utility works and other temporary measures for relieving the position. Yet Sir Montague Barlow is not ashamed to confess that at the peak of the Government's schemes—which means next March or April at the earliest—only 250,000 men will have been absorbed, with the *possibility* of another 100,000 finding work later!

WE look in vain for any proposals to open up trade with Russia, to cut the tangled knot of foreign relationships, to take steps to restore the German market to its former place in European commerce. Yet until these things are done there is no real hope of curing unemployment.

It is in the hands of the electorate that the issue lies. Spellbinding and political jugglery will fail, as it deserves to fail, if the voter steadfastly ignores the parrot cries and catchwords, and sends back to the House of Commons only those men who are pledged to resist any attempt to increase the cost of living, and bend every effort towards the speedy evolving of practical plans for setting the unemployed to work.

The Coffin Ship

WHEN we told the story of the *El Kahira*, the ship that was lost last year in the Channel with all hands, we demanded an inquiry into this tragic and disgraceful business. The ship was sent to sea in an unsafe condition. The Board of Trade officials allowed it to go.

The Board has since held an inquiry on its own deficiency, put the blame on the owner, and censured one of its own officers. We say at once that this is not enough, that it is no adequate way to deal with a scandal that has cost the lives of British seamen and left their widows and orphans without a penny of compensation.

We say that people who send a ship to sea in an unsafe condition, and in defiance of the laws of this country, are responsible not only for the loss of the ship but for the loss of the lives of those who went down with her. We say that negligence of this kind, involving such tragic consequences, must be much more seriously dealt with.

The President of the Board of Trade said that he was taking advice as to whether criminal proceedings would lie. He has now other and more personal anxieties to distract him. But we are resolved that this question shall not be lost sight of. The cry of the widows and the orphans must not be stifled by the clamour of the politicians on the hustings.

Hope for Humanity

THE announcement that one of the London hospitals is on the verge of an important discovery in connection with a cure for cancer is welcome news, the more so since statistics show that the death-rate from this dread disease has reached the appallingly high rate of one in seven.

We have no wish to raise any undue hopes among the sufferers from this scourge, but there seems to be little doubt that the last twelve months have caused those engaged in this all-important research to look to the future with some degree of optimism.

Work such as this, the successful result of which would put an end to the sufferings of millions, must not be allowed to falter for a moment through lack of funds.

Of earnest workers who will spare no effort to achieve their aim there is fortunately no lack. Money or no money, Science has always at her command an army of selfless workers devoted to her cause.

It is unthinkable that their labours should be stultified for lack of funds. The next Minister of Health must make it his business to see that this work is fostered with every aid.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin who has plunged the country into an Election that will not settle our difficult problems.

A Pill to Cure an Earthquake

by A. G. GARDINER

ALL around us is the fog of a false Election. The issues for which the various parties are fighting are the veriest shams, says Mr. Gardiner, for neither Protection, Free Trade, nor a Capital Levy can possibly help to solve our real problem—Unemployment.

I WAS playing a game the other day with a man who does me the honour of beating me at golf punctually once a week. It is an unwritten law of our meetings that we do not mention politics on the course; but on this occasion he broke down. He paused as he was about to address the ball and said, "Can you tell me what this election is for and what it is about?" It is a question which I think we are all putting to one another in our perplexity in these days, and I may as well try to answer it here as I answered it on the golf links.

Really, the election is about unemployment; nominally it is about Free Trade and Protection. We are going to vote on Free Trade and Protection *plus* the Capital Levy on the assumption that by one or other of these expedients we shall cure the unemployment which we all deplore. "Give us Protection," says Mr. Baldwin, "and the problem is solved." "Free Trade did not cause the unemployment and Protection will not cure it," says the Liberal. "Stick to Free Trade and get Europe settled and unemployment will disappear." "We believe in Free Trade," says Labour, "but we want the Capital Levy as well. The two together will cure unemployment."

WHAT is the truth? The bed-rock truth, I think, is that we are asked to talk about something that has nothing to do with what we *are* talking about. Unemployment is the disease, but neither Free Trade, Protection nor the Capital Levy is the remedy. We may speak and vote on these things until we are black in the face, and unemployment will be untouched. I don't mean by this that the fiscal issue is unimportant. It is immensely important. I mean that it has nothing to do with the case. It is a pill to cure an earthquake. It is like telling a man who is suffering from lumbago to wear spats or a red tie. It is silly to set us talking and voting on this question under the impression we are doing something for unemployment. We aren't. We might as well scratch the dome of St. Paul's in order to tickle the Dean and Chapter.

Let us look at the facts. We have never had such unemployment before because world trade has never broken down before. The veins of trade are like the veins of the body. If you cut the main arteries, the body bleeds to death. If you choke the veins of commerce, the circulation is stopped and trade ceases. The main arteries of European life have been severed and trade is stagnant, and unemployment is the result. It is a symptom of the butchery of Europe. The remedy is to stop the butchery.

NOW none of the things we are going to vote about will do more to stop the butchery than if we put a piece of plaster on a cut finger. Free Trade will not do it, or it would have done it already. I believe that it is the keystone of our world commerce. But world commerce has been shattered and Free Trade cannot put it together again. It can only function in a machine that is working, and the machine is out of gear.

Nor will Protection set the machine going. I am not going to argue the case here, for this is not a party political paper. I only insist that the subject is irrelevant. Our unemployment is due to the failure of world trade. How are we going to restore world trade by taxing imports and making things dearer for ourselves. If you put a duty of 10s. on a case of tinned salmon you have raised the price of tinned salmon, but what have you done to stimulate that export trade whose paralysis is the source of our trouble? What we want is not to make the home consumer pay more, but the foreign purchaser buy more.

NOR has the Capital Levy any relation to the cure of unemployment. It may be right or it may be wrong: but it is a mere question of financial expediency, of how we can best pay our way. If the Labour Party offers it as a policy of finding work for all, it is as plain a sham as Tariffs. If it has any effect at all on the present depression in trade it can only be a bad one, for it will certainly create, whether rightly or wrongly, such a panic in the business world as will still further clog the wheels of industry.

Even assuming that any of these devices could ultimately stimulate trade, it would take years for them to produce any results except disastrous results. The immediate effect of a violent revolution in our fiscal and financial system would be chaos, uncertainty, upheaval. It would be like trying to cure an earthquake by having a fire. The problem we are supposed to be attacking is the deplorable unemployment which is in being. We don't want a remedy five years hence or ten years hence. We want it now. And it is for this reason that an election on the fiscal issue is a sham. It is an election which is being fought on a remedy that has no bearing upon the disease.

I appeal to the electorate to turn this fraudulent election into a reality. They can do it by demanding that the candidates, whether Conservative, Liberal or Labour, shall not skulk behind the sham issue of Free Trade, Protection and the Capital Levy, but shall face the real problem of unemployment by saying what they propose to do to restore world trade. I dealt last week with the case of Russia. I showed that there is waiting for us in that vast land a trade which would banish unemployment here not in years but in weeks. That trade is only waiting the word "Go" from the British Government. Mr. Baldwin has refused to say that word. Let us demand that whoever is elected shall say it. The moment that word is uttered, the moment this country officially recognises Russia, credit will be released and the shuttle of trade will whizz.

That is one way of turning this sham election into a reality. The other is that we demand a Government which will refuse any longer to have the trade of this country ruined by M. Poincaré. He is the butcher of Europe. He is reducing the whole of Central Europe to a corpse, and in doing so is cutting the main artery of the world's trade. It is our life blood as well as Germany's which flows from that artery. M. Poincaré knows it.

LET us demand from every candidate not what his views are on the sham fight issue, but whether he will stand for a British policy in Europe, whether he will refuse to allow this country to be dragged any longer at the wheels of the French chariot, whether he will stop this hideous butchery of a defeated foe and whether he will build up again the broken fabric of that European trade on which our existence depends.

Let us sweep aside the bogus issue of Free Trade, Protection and a Capital Levy and elect a Government that will attack the real roots of unemployment by giving us back our world trade.

"Of the London Sessions probationers, 95 per cent. have never returned to a criminal life."

Give a Man

Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., Chairman of the London Sessions.

NO simple or easy solution is possible to the problems of crime and punishment, but the efforts lately made to realise their intricate magnitude is the beginning of practical wisdom. The essence of the matter could not be stated more clearly than in the words of Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., Chairman of the London Sessions, to the meeting of the Magistrates' Association: "We should aim, as far as possible consistent with the safety of the State, at keeping persons out of prison rather than at improving them after they have been destroyed by prison."

Under the bad old conditions, as the Lord Chief Justice said, prisons never reformed; and it is difficult to see how even the provision of lectures, concerts, and increased comforts, can ever make up for the systematised degradation, the deliberate crushing-out of self-respect, involved in the wearing of a convict's dress.

Nor can the occasional visit of a benevolent lecturer or singer repair the brutalising effect upon an embryo criminal, of daily, constant association with the vilest dregs of humanity. Do what we will in the way of cultural influences, the old-style jail must still remain by its nature a nursery of crime and a finishing school for criminals.

Sir Robert Wallace is right. The only thorough way to reform our prisons is to keep the prisoners out of them; and the first step towards that desideratum is, as an earlier wise man, Sir Thomas More, told our forefathers, "to make such good provisions by which every man might be put in a method how to live and so be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing." The best of reforming influences are terribly handicapped in competition with conditions which breed crime as surely as dunghills breed flies.

The Black Holes of Britain

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

SANG the poet: "If we could grasp this sorry scheme of things, would not we shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire?" And this thought is eternally in the minds of the slum clergymen confronted with the misery and woe described here.

IT must be difficult to preach the Kingdom of God in Wapping. Apparently it is so tragically difficult that many clergymen down there have given up the attempt and are now using their pulpits, according to Mr. Harry Gosling, M.P., to preach revolt.

The Duke of Northumberland, by the way, has recently read the Bishop of Durham a severe lecture on political clergymen. His ducal Grace tells his episcopal Grace that the clergy ought not to interfere in such matters. "I suggest," he says, "that religion will find quite enough to do in advocating itself." Excellent advice; all the same I doubt if the duke would care to undertake the duty of advocating religion in Wapping. Even the bishop might quail before such a task.

Listen for a moment. Houses in Wapping are falling down, and families crowded together in houses still standing implore those who sympathise with them not to get these rickety houses condemned as unfit for human habitation. They prefer, you see, to have death hanging over their heads than to be homeless in Christian London. A lady who knows Wapping intimately describes it as "looking as if it had been through the war." She says, "I don't want to be bitter, but I am sad to see the faces of Wapping children, and I fear the Wapping fathers who died in the war died in vain."

TO sum up, Wapping is "one vast plague spot, with crumbling, ramshackle houses, choked with suffering humanity, and streets hideous with the weak pulings of dying children." These children, mark you, "are born as beautiful and as healthy as the children of Hampstead; and then the blight comes and the little creatures fade and die." What a place in which to preach the sentiments of religion, or to proclaim the principles of the Primrose League.

Let us suppose that the duke and the bishop paid a missionary visit to one of the houses which have not yet fallen down. This particular house contains six rooms and is occupied by four families, twenty-two people in all. One child has been taken away from that house quite recently with pneumonia, three with diphtheria, two with tuberculosis, and two with scarlet fever. It is not a pleasant house for a visit, but it is by no means the worst house in Wapping. We could take the visitors to lopsided wooden houses more like sheds for fowls than habitations for human beings; to dingy ill-smelling houses with no water supply; or to houses whose water supply comes chiefly through the roof on a wet night.

BUT the house described will do for our purpose. The visitors confronted by those twenty-two miserable people would surely find it difficult either to preach the Kingdom of God or to explain the satisfactory character of civilisation. We can imagine the duke saying to the bishop, "You begin first"; and the bishop insisting that the duke should open the proceedings. And then we can imagine that before either of them had begun to hem and to haw, a fierce-faced woman would enter the room, her hair hanging, her eyes feverish, her lips trembling, and advancing against them exclaim, "For God's sake, dear gentlemen, don't get us turned out of this house!" Not an imprecation, but a cry for mercy!

Would that surprising appeal make it easier for the two visitors to begin? I do not think so. The duke is a match for any socialist in Wapping, and the bishop for any atheist in Wapping; but how would they answer this woman? I think they would give money, express sympathy, and then flee away from that place—that terrible place where people, who have every reason to hate society, live wretched lives under this one tormenting fear that they may be turned out of their death-traps.

The Duke of Northumberland who, in criticising "political" clergymen, forgets the slums in which they work.

You say it is difficult to clear away slums and to build decent houses. I agree. But it was difficult in 1914 to turn peaceful England into an arsenal; it was difficult to leave wife and children, mother and father, for the foul trenches of Flanders. Yes, that was difficult; it broke God knows how many hearts; but it was done because *our* home had suddenly become like one of those rotten riverside houses in Wapping, and through *our* roof the rain of death was coming day after day, night after night.

It is difficult now to preach the Kingdom of God in Wapping; but it is done by devoted men and wonderful women. Even those misguided clergymen preaching revolt do in that way also attempt to get God's will, and not the devil's, done on this earth. But are they right to preach revolution? Most people will say at once, and with angry vehemence, that they are wrong, that so to do is bad Christianity and bad politics. But let us reflect for a moment before we judge these clergymen.

TO you and to me the people of Wapping have no real existence. When we read of twenty-two people in a little house we do not think of them as we think of our own children or of our friends and neighbours. The figure 22 sticks in our mind; the word *people* passes without any impression of flesh and blood. But with the clergy of Wapping it is different. They know those people. Those people, suffering so magnificently, are their friends and neighbours, some of them difficult neighbours no doubt, but most of them very lovable friends, and the children—"born as beautiful and as healthy as the children of Hampstead" you remember, till "the blight comes and the little creatures fade and die"—these children are the only vision of angels vouchsafed to the clergy of Wapping—beautiful and precious angels, but angels who fade and die.

Is it unnatural, then, that these disciples of the Way, shabby enough themselves, ill-nourished, depressed, and tortured by the sights about them, should sometimes see Red, should sometimes desire to shatter civilisation to bits, knowing, as they do, that the people whom they love are the very salt of London's millions, and that the children might make the noblest citizens both of British Democracy and the City of God?

It is wrong to preach revolution; but is it unnatural? And is it more wrong of the clergy in Wapping to preach revolution than it is for you and me to eat our dinners in peace while these things continue in our midst?

REVOLUTION could only make matters ten thousand times worse. The clergy of Wapping would be doing their people better service by urging the heads of the Church to bring these terrible conditions before the notice of Parliament, and using their own knowledge to inform the national conscience of how things stand for multitudes of English people.

an a Chance!

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

The germs of iniquity are developed in the lower deeps of society, hustled and swirled to pernicious vitality in fierce currents of vicious life, denied all but the most bestial pleasures, forced to scramble like swine at the trough for daily garbage, starved of everything including even light and air, chronically steeped and poisoned in every sort of physical and moral filth. In labyrinths of dark lanes and courts and alleys, in human warrens of noisome cellars and pestilential pits, little children grow up under the guardianship of pimps, panders, prostitutes, police marks, besotted alcoholics, robbers, assassins, and desperate ruffians of the vilest.

Yet much undoubtedly can be done and is being done by the penal reformers. Devoted, beautiful women like Mrs. Fry and the noble band of fellow-members of the Society of Friends imparted the first vestiges of humanity to our prison system. Their pioneer work has been nobly continued by helpers like the Salvation Army who take prisoners in hand when they come out of jail, find jobs for them, and give them a chance to "make good."

Above all, great and splendid results have been achieved by the probation system under which offenders may be bound over in charge of an officer who is a "combination of legal guardian and kindly friend," and who "helps to restore the man's soul." Of the probationers from the London Sessions, ninety-five per cent., we are officially assured, have never returned to a criminal life!

To this startling testimony may be added the statement of Mr. Noel Richardson of Birmingham, that only one out of a hundred discharged prisoners for whom he has found work, has betrayed the trust invested in his redemption.

We are definitely and certainly making progress. But how much more might be done if we could clear out the slums and rouse the public conscience to cease from admiring and applauding the deadly example of successful villainy in high places!

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THOUGH the Liberal Party is to be reunited under the leadership of Mr. Asquith, the life and soul of the alliance will be Mr. Lloyd George. Of that there can be no possible doubt. L. G. is the Artful Dodger of modern politics; and unless he has left his sense of humour behind him in America, the present situation must strike him as mildly amusing. Five years ago our mercurial little Welshman swore to execute the Kaiser. As I write these words there is a strong probability that the Hohenzollerns will return to their distracted country—largely because the Welshman and his confederates failed to punish the leading Germans and only succeeded in crucifying Germany.

OF course Mr. George will succeed equally well in convincing enthusiastic audiences that the present state of the world has nothing whatever to do with the Treaty of Versailles. He will also persuade them, with that glib tongue of his, that he has always been a Liberal and that the Premiership was thrust upon him much against his will—since he has never ceased entertaining a truly filial regard for Mr. Asquith. But not all his perorations and all his virtuous gestures will bring the Liberal Party back to power again.

And the failure of that Party at the last, next, ensuing and following elections will be chiefly due to the fact that he (more than anyone else in the past) has, for the present generation, debased its ideals. Nevertheless he will, for a time, put a little pep into an otherwise moribund minority. Though he has killed his Party and blasted his own prospects, he hasn't yet damped his high spirits. His personality has survived his Premiership. An astounding feat, which can only be understood by those who realise the kind of man he is.

BUT what kind of man is he? "Hardly," as a certain noble lord once said, "hardly a gentleman." And therein lies the secret of his success. He has never wasted his time over precedents, formalities, and the amenities of social life. He will lunch with a duke one day and suggest that he ought to be swinging from a lamp-post the next. He will work himself into a tremendous state of righteous wrath over something and forget what it's all about before the cheers have died down. He will promise solemnly the most preposterous things during election-time and let the promises slip his memory before he has finished moving into Downing Street. He will embrace a colleague with the utmost warmth while their views are identical and call him the most infernal rascal that ever drew breath the instant they part company.

In short, he is the possessor of that curious thing—an artistic temperament. While he is in a histrionic condition he will do marvels. Utopia? Certainly—while you wait! Smash France? Homes for Heroes? Conquer the United States? Pave Manchester with gold? all done as easy as winking!

Then he is suddenly confronted with realities; and though the puppet still goes through his tricks, the heart goes out of his performance.

YES, there is no doubt that the stage lost a great tragedian when politics gained a versatile comedian. . . .

The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George

We Want Our Xmas Pudding!

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

IT is near enough to Christmas to mention the fact. I heard a man wish another man "a merry Christmas" outside an undertaker's shop the other day. And in thousands of English households the manufacture of Christmas puddings has already commenced.

Despite the newspaper combine, bad trade, unemployment and the escape of little Willie, people were looking forward to something like a festive season, and they could have gone on "getting ready" for it quite comfortably till the day arrived.

Yet what has happened? Well, in the middle of chopping the suet and sifting the flour and washing the currants, and stoning the raisins and cutting up the lemon-peel and putting a drop of something in to warm it all, decent old British Ma is suddenly informed that on Thursday, December 6, there is to be a General Election.

I CAN see the look of amazement that overspread decent old British Ma's features when Dad told her about it. "A general Election before Christmas?" says she—dropping the stirring-stick and wiping the flour off her elbows with the tea-cloth—"What for?" And "What for?" just about hits it.

I doubt if .005 per cent. of the feminine population of this country could tell you "what for," and I doubt if one per cent. of the men could tell you either. So far as anybody has ventured to be candid with us, none of the causes which are supposed to bring about General Elections has arisen. There has been no political crisis; Mr. Baldwin doesn't appear to have quarrelled with any of his colleagues, nobody seems to be trying to do him down for his job, and his Government hasn't been defeated on a vote, or managed to get tangled up in a prospective war.

IT may not be the most lively or astute Government we ever had, and it may not have given us much legislation of the sort we are badly in need of. But taking it all round, it might have done worse, and the majority of us would have been more or less content to let it jog along its tranquil and uneventful pilgrimage for another session or two, or any way, till it blotted its copybook.

Then, why, oh why, this swift stampede for the hustings? This precipitant and unseasonable plunging of his Majesty's lieges into the excitements, agitations, turmoil, and hot-air visitations, which general elections always bring in their train?

Of course it is not for you and me to look closely into the minds or motives of high and mighty politicians. Britain is their oyster, and if they desire to put vinegar and pepper on it at any hour of the day or night, let alone three weeks before Christmas, we are their natural born humble servants. We must give up our private fruity pudding-stirring, and answer the bell. Vinegar and pepper, otherwise votes on one side or the other are called for by the oysterers (I suppose it would be unkind to say roysterers), and we must be there to the minute with said condiments, or part with our distinguished patrons. By the way, I wonder what they would do if none of us turned up, or if we all marked our X cards "Too busy pudding-stirring"?

However, as they have roused you out of bed, and as it seems to me not for Britain's sake, but for their own political sake's sake—I hope you will make a proper job of it this time.

VOTE, with all your strength, not for this faction or for that, but for the poor old COUNTRY which happens to be yours and mine, and then poor old British Ma will be able to go on with her pudding-stirring in peace and perpetuity.

My Talks with "Dead" Men

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

FOLLOWING the sensational séance held in the office of "John Bull" last week, our contributor, in continuing his investigations, has attended another séance, at which messages were conveyed to the audience from many well-known men who have passed from this life. The whole amazing story is told here.

THE spirit of Will Crooks came to St. Martin's Lane this week and gave me a message to the electorate! Not only the one-time member for Poplar, but others equally celebrated, came to encourage me in my investigation.

There was Dan Leno in high glee (I almost wrote "high spirits"); the well-known editor, Dr. Ellis Powell; the celebrated George R. Sims; a popular member of my club, much esteemed in Fleet Street, Harold Ashton, and a number of lesser known personalities. Incidentally, I was introduced to the spirit-voice of my mother—whom I utterly failed to recognise.

* * *

The spiritualist and his sponsor were sincerely anxious that I should hear the amazing results obtained by "direct voice"—which means that I should hear for myself spirits speaking through a long thin aluminium megaphone or trumpet.

I took with me a colleague on the staff of JOHN BULL—a man who is as anxious as I am to get to the bottom of this mystifying business.

If weirdness of surroundings is part and parcel of spiritualistic séances, the little attic to which we were conducted more than provided the right atmosphere. Whitewashed walls, a sloping side, the only window tightly encased with brown paper in order to keep out the light! On a tiny table was the inevitable musical instrument—this time an obsolete musical box, beloved of the Victorian era.

No carpets, no ornaments, but six wooden chairs for the company, which was composed of the medium, his sponsor, an Irish colonel, an American, my colleague and myself. Two small candles provided illumination, while the preliminary proceedings were gone through. The medium's instructions to us were: "Help the spirit friends by encouraging them."

The trumpet was placed in the centre of a circle on the floor, the candles were blown out and the musical box played and replayed the scales. Meanwhile, the spiritualists present exchanged tales of their remarkable experiences. The Irish Colonel, it appeared, had made a sensational discovery of ancient pottery through spiritual guidance. Others present were no less brimful of evidence. But all my colleague and I required was one tiny little piece of first-hand evidence so that we could go away and proclaim the truth to the world.

Then the trumpet began to move, raised itself and floated in the air.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the spiritualists.

The luminous end of the trumpet which was easily discernible in the pitch darkness came towards me and tapped me three times on the knees.

"Bravo!" I said, emulating my hosts.

It glided round to all the other sitters, rose and fell directed by an unseen agency, although I could not help wondering whether the same effect could be procured by human contrivance. Then a deep, resonant voice, which certainly came through the moving trumpet, bade us "Good evening, friends." That was the spirit guide, Emanuel. I asked him who he was in earth life. But while he was prepared to give an outline of his career, he preferred not to give his name.

Then something happened that gave us all a momentary start. A thin, distressful, husky voice, which seemed to labour hard in making itself heard, said:

"Crooks . . . I am Will Crooks."

We duly encouraged him and listened hard. Certainly the voice sounded like that of the small, tired looking man I last saw in the lobby of the House of Commons before he died.

"I'm happy, but I am very anxious to help in the cause for the Empire. . . . Bonar Law is here. . . . I have altered my views. I see things more clearly. I think we ought to give full protection to the Colonies."

Crooks turned Conservative! That would be a shock to his friends. "Was that after your talk with Mr. Bonar Law?" I could not help asking him.

But that was by no means the only sensation. The séances were full of them.

"D'yer know me?" called a piping voice, almost inimitable. "I'm Leno — Dan Leno. So this is London!"

"Been to any shows lately, Dan?" I asked.

"I am looking forward to the pantomime at the Lyceum, since there is nothing doing at the old Drury Lane . . . I am just off to the Coliseum now."

"What's on there, Dan?" I asked slyly.

Flop went the trumpet. Disconnected!

"It's a funny thing," said the medium, "while Crooks was speaking I seemed to see the spirit of Gladstone."

"Ah," I had to say. "The voice of Crooks, but the spirit of Gladstone."

Then came the quiet, confident, cultured voice of Dr. Ellis Powell, who told me that they on the other side knew I was investigating for JOHN BULL, and the equally sure voice of the guide explaining that since the two minutes' silence of the Armistice, we on the earth plane had attracted "thousands — millions" of spirits anxious to manifest themselves.

"There is such a rush," he explained, "that I have had to send for help."

* * *

The second séance was even more remarkable. The spirits, I was informed, were going right out to convince me. I was ready and did all I could in order to create the sympathy that is a condition of success. Came a wee voice which I hardly heard:

"Sydney—Sydney . . . Is that you? . . . I'm Ashton—Harold Ashton . . . Oh, wait a minute."

"He'll be all right in a minute or two," announced the guide.

We sang another hymn and rubbed

The late Mr. Will Crooks

our hands in order to create vibration.

Then Ashton spoke again, recalling that he had attacked spiritualism while on the earth plane, but that he had since learned the truth. Northcliffe was with him, he added, and completed his speech with a boyish cry of "Bravo!"

Then a very serious thing happened. From the trumpet, now lying helplessly on the floor, came the echo of somebody pathetically calling.

"Sydney, Sydney . . . Mother speaking."

This should have been a very emotional moment even for the stoutest of sceptics, but I have to confess that I did not accept this voice as belonging to my mother. I could not therefore bring myself to respond in the manner of spiritualists, and even when I heard kisses being blown at me through the trumpet, I remained untouched.

The thought came to me that if this were a trick it was the most outrageous, sacrilegious and caddish thing to do. If, on the other hand, this wonder of wonders were really true, how brutally irresponsive I had been. But there it is. My mother, as it happened, never once in her life addressed me as "Sydney," and she had a thousand and one little things she could have said to me by which I might have identified her!

"Here is an opportunity to convince me," I said aloud. "I want some message by which I shall identify my mother."

"You shall have it," was the promise of the spiritual guide and others. Yet none came. So it was with the next voice.

"I'm Sims, George R." The spiritualists were jubilant; so I said to George R.: "Do you remember our last association?" As it happens, Mr. Sims had written for me what was probably his last article.

"Of course we have had many associations," he said, and laughed the matter off.

There came through another small voice which sounded like "Molly." I know a Molly who is a spiritualist, but I said nothing.

"Molly!" cried the American next to me. "Aunt Molly?"

"Yes," replied the wee voice.

"Ask her," I prompted him, "what is her surname?"

"Aunt," said the American, "just in order to convince this gentleman, tell me your marriage name."

Flop went the trumpet. Disconnected again!

"That sort of thing has happened before," said the spiritualist. "If you ask them leading questions you set up a wall of doubt."

Very likely, but if one cannot ask straightforward questions, it is impossible to set up a Palace of Truth.

* * *

Small wonder then that I had to disappoint the medium and his sponsor by openly declaring that despite the sensational and bewildering nature of the séances, I had not had a tittle of evidence. So keen were the members of the circle that, instead of eliciting information from the voices, *they had actually supplied sufficient information which would enable any mean intelligence to build up sufficiently appropriate replies.*

We had the voice of a relative, who inquired after Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a Dr. Ransome, who "treated" three of the sitters, old friends who easily satisfied the joyous believers. But neither for my colleague nor for myself was there anything which any sensible and unbiased investigator could accept as evidential.

I do not doubt the sincerity or honesty of the medium or his sponsor. I will go also as far as to say that I could see nothing which suggested trickery. On the other hand, I am not convinced that the voices I heard belonged to any of the persons represented by them.

Whose voices were they?

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Ought He to Marry?

"HUMANIST, I am a clean-living young fellow of 24. When I was demobbed I met a young girl to whom I have been greatly attracted — in other words, over head and ears in love. This girl is now 18 years of age and we desire to marry, but her parents' consent, I fear, is impossible.

"Now this girl has two sisters older than herself who are happily married, but they both married under 21 to save their honour. My girl's father is a veritable prig, uneducated, but a war profiteer, who now is well off as regards money matters.

"Needless to say, the girl's life is unbearable. Her parents do not think of her a bit, so long as they get all the work and no pleasure out of her. I'd gladly give my all to marry this girl who, too, loves me dearly. Such clandestine meetings as we can we steal, for, Humanist, understand her parents allow her little or no liberty.

"I am in a position to marry her and I have one of the best of mothers, who would gladly welcome her. My father gave his life for his country. Can we defeat their ends and marry? The law is all right in some cases but surely in a case like mine it's rather hard."

"Humanist" says: *During the battle of Jutland a captain of a battleship saw two stokers, coming up for a breath of fresh air, arguing earnestly. Wondering what the men could talk about he edged near them and heard one say to the other: "Wot I sez is: he ought to marry the girl."*

An Irish Problem

"IN 1907 I met a girl, Irish like myself, whom I cared for very much at the time. We kept company and arranged to get married, but the priest of the parish refused to marry us as the girl was under age. So, in accordance with the girl's wishes, we quietly left here and got to a town 16 miles away to get married in a Registry Office. The Registrar said he would require seven days' notice before marrying us.

"In the meantime we lived as man and wife, honestly intending to get married, but my mother through some means traced us and discovered our doings. Nevertheless I was for the marriage service being performed, but my mother put such fear in the girl's heart that she ran away and I never heard from her since, but I know she is still alive somewhere in England.

"I met a girl afterwards whom I loved very much and we were married in an Irish Roman Catholic Church, 15 years ago, and I am fonder of my wife to-day than ever. She is of a very religious and sensitive disposition and as good as any man might wish to have. She believes me to be quite an ideal man, and I gave her no other cause to think otherwise during our married life.

"About a year ago my mother was taken very ill. I heard about her illness and immediately came to see her. My coming cheered her up wonderfully, and I decided to send for my wife to come and nurse her.

"We decided on my wife's wishes to stay with her in her old age, but I lived in a fool's paradise when I thought my mother forgot my past only sin. For she gave me the hint a week back that if I don't comply with all her wishes she will tell my wife all, and she will. If she does, it will break my wife's heart and then God only knows I'll do her in, and as for myself—well it does not matter much for I am on the last stage from a disability received in the Great War."

"Humanist" says: *Go at once to your priest and tell him exactly what you have told me. He is on the spot and can deal with this problem as it should be dealt with for the safety of all concerned. Show him this.*

Mother of Men

"I HAVE no problem to put before you, but I am writing because I feel somewhat relieved by showing to the world some of the hardships and sorrows which I and my family have experienced.

"I am an old mother of 76 years and an inhabitant of one of the poverty-stricken Western islands of Scotland which have lately sent so many emigrants to the States. My husband and I reared on our small croft a family of seven strong sons by dint of long labour and much patience.

"Then came the war. They took all my lads—six of them went voluntarily, while the youngest stayed till conscripted, in order to help the old people with the land and the little fishing we do. The additional hard work killed my aged husband six months before the Armistice.

"One D.C.M., a commission and three deaths was the lot of my boys in their defence of the Empire. When the remaining four came home with a wider and more ambitious view of life, they found that the old croft, the old island and its people did not rise to the levels which they aspired to.

"Emigration was their one theme for months. They would have taken their old mother too, bless them, but having known no other world but this little one in the West, I refused to hinder them in their strivings after prosperity.

"And now they are all gone, and I am alone. They send me a weekly sum, on which I can comfortably live. I am very thankful for this good fortune, but you can understand the yearning in my heart for the old days when we were happy all together working hard and asking little."

"Humanist" says: *You are the true type of Scottish mother. I can do nothing but bow before the noble sight of self-sacrificing motherhood.*

A Mother's Sins

"MY trouble is of such a nature that I feel it may drive me out of my mind. When I was eighteen I was married to a wealthy man of fifty who, for much of his time, was bedridden. Often for his health's sake we spent long holidays on the Italian Riviera. On our last visit I became acquainted with a young English visitor with whom I fell deeply in love. We were both young, and under the glamour of the holiday we did not keep to the strict paths of virtue.

"My husband at this time became worse and he was hurried home, to die three months after our arrival in England. A short time after our boy was born, and all accepted him, but erroneously so, as the rightful heir to my husband's estate. That was twenty-two years ago.

"My lover of the days of the Italian visit married soon after our parting. He has now a country house very near our own.

"I have been placed in an awful predicament by my son recently falling in love with our neighbour's daughter. I am afraid to betray the past of her father. Yet I cannot remain passive and let my boy marry his own half-sister."

"Humanist" says: *Tell the boy's father. It is his trouble as well as yours. If he can't fix things you have no option but to tell your son. Such a marriage must not take place.*

The Danger Job

"MY occupation is a dangerous one, for my work lies in the most poisonous department of a powder factory, where, it is said, the expectation of life does not extend beyond seven years.

"My pay amounts on the average to seven pounds per week—a great inducement to continuance to a man in my position, for in these days of costly living our young brood of five, varying in age from one to seven years, imposes heavy calls on the family purse.

"I am possessed of more than average vitality and my health at present could not be better.

"I often wonder what will be the lot of my dependants 10 years hence. The bread-winner will be gone, if reports be true, and visions of the Poor House disturb my equanimity. I am unskilled in other directions, but have been offered a labouring job carrying £2 per week if I care to take it—a low enough figure indeed for a big family."

"Humanist" says:—*If you think that continuous employment will cut off your life, you are a bad guardian to your children—you will leave them stranded. These dangerous jobs should only be temporary. You have health and vitality and intelligence. Add to these qualities, courage—and take the plunge when you feel you must.*

Moral Courage.

"I dare not go to my home in Ireland, where I must join the irregulars or 'go down.' I must be a tramp or commit suicide."

Go home and stand firm. The country cannot succeed unless its sons will show moral courage.

"The Enfant Terrible."

"My brother-in-law, only 15, but looking 20, is beyond his mother's control, going with a girl of twenty-two and leading a riotous and dissipated life. Something will happen."

Very likely. Cut off his pocket-money and tell your husband to take charge, otherwise the boy will be spoiled.

Revenge is Rough Justice.

"I have served a term of imprisonment on false evidence. How can I get my own back on the detective who swore me away?"

Write the full circumstances to the Chief Constable of your county, who will watch the detective closely. Then try to forget it. Get on with the business of life.

An Office Problem.

"One of my girl typists has become unequal to her work, through worry in having to support a paralysed father. My superiors have complained. Ought I to dismiss her, or stand up for her?"

Tell the circumstances to your superiors, and ask if they can give her an increase to ease her worry. Help her all you can.

The Ill-used Sailor.

"I am a sailor—sixth officer on a liner. I have lost my ship because the captain wants to give my job to his nephew—who has no ticket. Can I do anything?"

No, except grin and bear it. Sailors don't care, they say; certainly they rarely write letters to shipowners complaining of ill-treatment.

A Standing Engagement.

"I travel up to town each day by the same train as my sister's fiancé. He always escorts me, and in consequence generally has to stand. Should I tell him to go by himself, and travel in comfort?"

Yes. Suggest it at least. Too much ceremony is not to be expected from prospective sisters and brothers-in-law. Be frankly friendly and helpful.

The Woman Pays.

"My husband was the promoter of a large business in London. Unable to face his liabilities, he has absconded, leaving me to face his creditors. I am terrified for his safety and mine. Where can I turn for help?"

Put your affairs in the hands of a solicitor. That will protect you. Tell your husband's best friend and ask him to help and advise.

What Every Woman Should Know.

"I love a man older than myself. He loved me, but we parted because he thought he was too old for me. Now I have realised that I love him. Should I tell him, or must I wait till he speaks of love again?"

I see no harm in your telling him. After all, you were practically engaged, so that no trivial sense of decorum ought to come between you. Ask him, and good luck to you both.

A Hidden Child.

"My father and mother married secretly just two months before I was born. Subsequently opposition being withdrawn, they were publicly married, but my existence was concealed. I was brought up away. I saw them only once—when leaving for France. I am now engaged and want to take my bride home to meet my brothers and sisters. My father asks me not to, as mother's heart is weak and shock would kill her."

You have been badly treated. Tell your bride-to-be: she will sympathise with you. You will scarcely derive much comfort from parents who have punished you for what was not your fault.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Worry for Willie!

CHARGED with being absent without leave from Wieringen, Willie Hohenzollern, formerly Crown Prince of Germany, but now of no occupation and of no fixed address, presented an unkempt appearance when, travel-stained and unshaven, he entered the dock and pleaded "Not guilty."

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., representing the Allies, "is a deserter from the German army, but this fact does not concern me and does not apparently interest the German military authorities, who, I understand, hold the view that if Willie had deserted at an early stage of the war the army of the Fatherland would have been spared several damaging blows to its prestige. The accused, however, postponed his desertion until the supply of champagne and dancing girls at G.H.Q. had been exhausted and he himself, and not merely his troops, was in danger.

"At this stage Willie's long experience of the fast life stood him in good stead and his flight into Holland was easily the swiftest of his many retreats. For five years he lived a compulsorily simple life on the island of Wieringen, until enforced idleness began to prey upon his so-called mind and he conceived a great yearning for Germany, home and beauty—especially beauty, if I know anything of his tastes. So, under cover of night, he left Wieringen, taking with him a plentiful supply of ammunition, in the form of cigarettes, and made his bold advance into Germany.

"These," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "are the facts of the case, and while I would not dream of exaggerating the importance of the accused by suggesting that his presence in the country which he deserted in the hour of its defeat is likely to have any marked effect upon the international situation, I would like to point out that he is 'wanted' by the police for crimes committed during the war, and to suggest that in choosing the fifth anniversary of Armistice Day for his flight he seems to have gone out of his way to indulge in a gesture of defiance towards the Allies."

For the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter urged that the Allies had little reason to feel ill-disposed towards Willie, whose generalship during the war had been much more in their interest than in that of Germany. Like the Duke of Plaza-Toro, he sometimes led his troops into battle, but he invariably led them out again. For sometime Willie had been suffering from homesickness and so had felt impelled to take French leave, but he (Mr. Strawsplitter) would urge in extenuation that this was a first offence, as during the war his client had not been guilty of taking French guns, or anything of importance belonging to the Allies.

The jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," Mr Justice Bull remarked that the fact that the accused had never taken anything more important than French leave was due to lack of German, Dutch or any other form of courage rather than to absence of desire.

"I do not suppose," continued the Judge, "that the presence of one extra Junker in Germany will make much difference to the situation in that country, but it is as well always to remember that where there's a Willie there's a way of doing something dirty.

"I would inflict a fine upon the prisoner were it not that this ex-Crown Prince does not now possess even half a Crown, so, in the circumstances the sentence of the court is that he shall forthwith sing the 'Hymn of Hate' for the entertainment of the jury and shall then goose-step his way back to Holland."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WOMAN'S WORLD":—"Plunging his HEAD into his jacket pocket, he took out Jim's locket."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—"He has a fresh complexion, and is BALD, with dark grey moustache and hair."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"AFTER 14 YEARS of wandering I am back in the cabin which I built SIX YEARS AGO."

"NEW MEDAL LIBRARY":—"His EARS were blurred, so that he really did not SEE anything well."

"SALTASH GAZETTE":—"As one of his sons was climbing a tree, he was blown off by the very strong wind. After being examined under X-rays, it was discovered that he was suffering from slight DISCUSSION."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"He motored out to the garden suburb, where he LAID a commemorative TREE."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"He was shot through the narrow gateway from the platform to his motor-car like a BOW RELEASED FROM AN ARROW."

"FOOTBALL AND SPORTS FAVOURITE":—"Stepping out of his room, the master builder crept to the FOOT of the stairs and began to DESCEND."

"DURSLEY GAZETTE":—"Passengers on liners bound for the United States have to fill up forms to obtain the liquor they need FOR FILLING UP THEIR FORMS."

"DIXON HAWKE LIBRARY":—"He was clean shaven, and there was a keen, almost penetrating expression about the dark eyes ABOVE the high forehead."

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

He isn't vain, he tells you plain
He never could be clever.
For conjuring feats and such conceit
He's got no use whatever.

This sundered twain meet once again,
Across the gulf of years;
In love renewed forget their feud,
And kiss again with tears.

We want no more fine word displays,
While men starve in the gutter,
The politics we want these days,
Are those of bread and butter.

Those golden dreams and mighty schemes,
So long ago evolved,
Lived but a day for he and they
Alas! are now dissolved.

100,000 Rugs

GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." 24/11/23. On receipt of Postal Order for 14/6 we will forward, Direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Immediate

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage Paid extra

Suitable for Dining-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, Handsomely Designed in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

CARPETS

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 24/11/23, when writing. (Established over Forty a Century.)

F. HOLLAND & SONS, (Dept. J.B.), Woodside Mills, City of Leeds.

AFTER A WOMAN IS 30.

WHAT SHE MOST NEEDS.

At thirty a woman may reasonably expect to enjoy good health, having then overcome the troubles of early womanhood, yet being free of the later trials of middle age; but various causes tend to undermine the strength of many women of thirty.

Foremost among these causes are the cares of motherhood and household worries, which have a depressing effect on a woman's regular health and nervous system. The blood becomes thin and gives rise to headache, backache, weakness, and poor appetite.

All run-down conditions call for richer, better blood; good blood is red blood, and on this a woman's health depends. The best of good, red blood is created by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and this is why these pills enjoy their remarkable reputation among women. They are the tonic best adapted for women's needs.

Avail yourself of the health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists or from address below, 3s. 9d. box.

FREE.—Every woman should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to F.B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

FALLING HAIR

How it can be saved!

The condition of your brush and comb reveals at a glance the condition of your hair. If an abundance of loose hair entangles—hair that you can ill-afford to lose—it's time you took steps to arrest this waste. There's no cause for anxiety if you use at once

SILKODONO

THE MAGIC HAIR FRIENDLY for Men, Women and Children.

Silkodono is the result of exhaustive scientific research, and certain cure for hair and scalp troubles. A few applications will speedily convince you of its power to arrest and strengthen falling hair, promoting a new and healthy growth. Dandruff disappears after using Silkodono. Write for 7 days' free trial supply, enclosing 6d. to cover postage and packing. Further supplies may be obtained from your Chemist or Hairdresser. If not in stock we will supply direct and post free in U.K. 4/6 and 7/6 per large bottle, or 21/- for double size.

ST. EUTHOS, Co. Dept. J.B., Red Lion St., London, W.C.1.

HERE endeth the umpteenth lesson, which, like all its predecessors, is: Thou shalt not back horses and expect to make money thereby, for it is written that he who giveth money to the bookmaker shall receive no adequate return.

Advance "J. B."!

Speaking for myself as an individual punter, it has not been a good year, though we have had extraordinary success with our mass selections, and our tips have averaged remarkably well. The season that has passed has been a memorable one from many points of view. It has seen JOHN BULL advance to a point of popularity that is without parallel, and I like to feel that not an insignificant part of that popularity has been due to the support which my loyal readers have given to me and to the page I have so indifferently edited.

What I Have Learnt.

I am an incorrigible experimentalist. I would commit murder to discover the inward workings of my victim's mind, and the psychology of the punter has been the most fascinating field of my research. I can say honestly that I have learnt more from the readers of JOHN BULL than I have gained from any other source, and the sum of my discovery is that the average punter, given a little self-restraint, should beat the book seven times out of ten.

Our Standard.

The racing pages of JOHN BULL were, in a way, an experiment—but that experiment has been a successful one, due not so much to me as to the standard which was set by those responsible for the conduct of the paper. I can truly say that I have never dealt with a straighter management, or one that watched more jealously the interests of their readers. I can lay my hand on my heart and say that no reader has ever lost a farthing from any bookmaker I recommended or any scheme I fathered.

The Manchester November Handicap.

The Manchester November Handicap finishes the season, and I would give a year's salary to be able to put every reader on to the winner. The horse that ought to win is Bhuidhaonach. His running in the Newbury Cup was so erratic that one has doubts as to his honesty, but if an explanation could be found for that display I should not hesitate to plump for him.

Watch the Derby Cup.

The result of the Derby Cup must have an important bearing on the race—Bhuidhaonach's running, for example, will give some indication that the shrewd punter will not be long in grasping. Thoughtless is another who, on his spring form, is thrown into the race. He represents Peter Rush at 6.2 and Bhuidhaonach at 7.8. In other words, he has a 16-lb. pull with Bhuidhaonach, being allowed 19 lb. for a length beating.

O. Bell's stable is not in form just now, and one hesitates to take a horse that has not seen a racecourse since June, but the going is just as the horse likes it, and I shall expect to see

THOUGHTLESS

the winner.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Warwick (Wednesday).

In the Edgehill Nursery Handicap, Lambton's selected will take a lot of beating; this will probably be Navy Cut. True Note has several engagements, and, if escaping a penalty, will go very close. Rhinegold is a nice two-year-old who has yet to show his best, and he will be dangerous if seen out here. For the winner, however, I am taking Fiddle Pin, a nice colt, who showed promise early in the year and has made good progress since. The race bears an open appearance, but I shall expect this one to be there at the finish. James rides, claiming the apprentice allowance.

For the Sunrising Selling Nursery I shall name Crackpot, who is better now than he has been all the year. He went well recently in a fast gallop with Scotch Hands.

Woodland Nursery H'dicap, Manchester.

If kept for this, Westacre will want beating. Polin is very well and went in good style in a recent gallop over five furlongs with Ceramfe. Sunny Joe has been galloped well with L'Aiglon; his race at Liverpool will have done him good, and I give him a slight preference over the others.

Brockley Welter Handicap.

Rosemead is expected to go very close for this. She is a good game filly, but has been very unlucky. I should not look further than Despote, if this animal were only more reliable. Varinka will run well. Of ours engaged, however, nothing appeals to me more than Rosemead.

Lancashire Nursery.

Battleship will do duty for De Mestre's stable and will go close. L'Aiglon runs and is fancied a good deal. Halcyon will probably make a better show than at Liverpool. My slight preference is for Battleship.

Ordsall Selling Nursery.

Cuckoo will be dangerous to the best. Esther Faa f. runs and is much fancied, but she is a slow beginner and may get crowded out at the start. I am very confident of Indiscretion taking this race. He is in splendid form just now and has been shining in recent gallops over five furlongs.

Sedgeley Three-year-old Handicap.

Forseti will win if seen out here. He is engaged at Hurst Park and, if escaping a penalty, must not be missed.

Worsley Nursery Handicap.

Cockpit has a chance, and Mr. Bliss is fairly well treated. The latter is a good stayer and will take some beating. Ballyhanwood cannot be left out, while Hilton will go close if kept for this. If the race is to come to headquarters, however, it will be through Mr. Bliss.

Farewell Handicap.

If Phusis does not pick up a penalty at Hurst Park he must be my selection here. Shri and Ironbridge are two others who might win.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

WARWICK (WEDNESDAY).
2.30 Hendale (Plas Nowydd, Fiver).
3.0 England's Gate (Merryvale).
MANCHESTER (THURSDAY).
12.45 Cerevrian (Elwyd).
2.30 Vaddy (Rockway, Dry Gin).
3.0 Sunny Joe (Aurilen).
MANCHESTER (FRIDAY).
1.20 Red Crest (Zoomp).
1.55 Sunny Rose (Darragh).
2.30 Cuckoo (Sunstone).
3.0 Mill Dale (Pandarus, Piper's Son).
MANCHESTER (SATURDAY).
12.45 Beauregard (Sunny Rose, Free from Pride).
1.55 Thoughtless (Pombal, Bhuidhaonach).
LINGFIELD (SATURDAY).
1.0 Berengaria (Montrifrinzilla).
2.30 Jazz Band (Lady Catfield).

Sports and by ROWLEY

November Handicap.

I do not fancy any of the Newmarket horses except London Cry, the best guide to whose chance will be seen in the Derby Cup. Ceylonese has not pleased lately in gallops with Bessems and Daughter-in-Law. Harpenden would take a lot of beating if he did his best. Evander has a chance, but I think the distance is quite far enough for him. I take London Cry as our best, and Daughter-in-Law next.

Lingfield.

The Bow looks like winning the Back End Selling. There are heaps of runners, but nothing else trained here that I have any fancy for.

November Nursery Handicap, Lingfield.

A huge field will turn out for this. Santolina is very speedy and is expected to win. Blandus is useful, and probably better now than he ever has been. If Sunny Joe runs, he will want beating, being nicely handicapped. May B. has a big chance on her victory at Lincoln. Of the lower division I like Cravenette c., who was well galloped some time back but did not run up to his reputation. He may do better here. I like Santolina as well as anything.

ROWLEY MILESTONES

Ingham and H. Leach have each only a few more winners to ride before losing the right to the apprentice allowance.

• • •

What are the odds against Elliott and Donoghue running a dead-heat for the Jockey Championship?

• • •

Leighton Tor, having evidently tired of racing, is forthwith to be relegated to the stud.

• • •

Capt. Percy Whitaker, the St. Giles trainer, evidently has no lack of capable apprentices. He introduced us to yet another quite recently in E. Salter, who had his first mount in public at Windsor the other day.

• • •

Orpi is the best outsider for the Manchester November Handicap. Back it each way.

• • •

Jarvie, who has not enjoyed the best of luck this season, may be heard of in connection with the Lincolnshire Handicap. A small, light-framed horse, he is of the stamp that does not require a deal of work.

• • •

HORSES TO NOTE.

Ironbridge (3 yrs.).—An effort is to be made to get another race out of this colt, who is none too sound, before the season ends. He revels in heavy going.

Psychology (4 yrs.).—Judging by the work he has been doing of late this good-looking horse has not yet concluded his season's labours. He is very well, and worth keeping an eye on.

Hungarian (3 yrs.).—Capt. Whitaker has quite a number of young horses going over hurdles this winter. Hungarian is one of them, and he has shaped remarkably well in his preliminary lessons.

Farirly (6 yrs.).—This horse was only "understudy" to Harmonius when beaten at Liverpool recently. He ran well enough to suggest that he will speedily be seen in winning colours.

Blazener (3 yrs.).—This is one of the most promising of the recruits to the jumping business which Frank Hartigan has under his charge. He will probably pay to follow in juvenile hurdle races.

Perahera (3 yrs.).—Before winning at Gatwick a month ago, this gelding had received his first lessons over timber. He shaped remarkably well, and is tolerably certain to pay his way over hurdles.

Sportsmen MILE

The Ball Game

IT should be a very great week-end for the home teams in the First Division, and the only side whose chances I consider at all good away are Middlesbrough. The Tees-siders are very lowly placed, but they will make some clubs sit up before long, for they are in a very false position. In my opinion they can win at Chelsea. The best things seem to be wins for Cardiff City, Huddersfield, Newcastle and Sheffield United. Other probable home winners are Blackburn Rovers, Liverpool, West Bromwich and West Ham. The 'Spurs and Arsenal may draw their match, as the Tottenham lot do not touch their best form against their neighbours.

Division II. Prospects.

Very few teams ever pick up both points at Barnsley, and Leeds United, good as they are, will create a surprise if they win there. I shall take them to draw. Nelson v. Bristol City looks another even game. The best home teams to follow are Blackpool, Derby County, Manchester United and South Shields, and others who should win are Bury, Hull City and Port Vale. The most likely away winners are Stoke and Clapton Orient.

Rangers Unstoppable.

The Rangers are rapidly leaving the opposition behind in point-gathering in the Scottish League, and are easily the best team North of the Tweed. They will have an interesting test this week-end, however, when they meet the much improved Airdrieonians. The latter are very good indeed at their best, but I cannot see them escaping defeat at Ibrox Park. Third Lanark, Hamilton, Falkirk, Hiberuians and Raith Rovers should win their home matches, and I fancy Celtic, Partick Thistle and Aberdeen as away victors. Ayr v. Queen's Park will probably be a draw.

"Saints" Gone Off.

At one time last season Southampton were playing well enough to have more than an outside chance of going up in the First Division. I saw them again a week ago and I think they have gone off considerably. I do not want to rub in the matter of Elkes' transfer to the 'Spurs, as no doubt the price was tempting, but others in the side are not the players they were. Further, Henderson, the recently acquired outside right, does not quite seem the man the "Saints" were looking for.

"Throstles" Poor Song.

West Bromwich Albion are not fulfilling their early promise, although getting plenty of goals. Obviously the weakness is in the defence—26 goals conceded in 14 matches as proof of that—and I think two of the four Internationals who have been appearing in the defence are old enough to be feeling the pace. The Albion, however, have so often had a good lot of reserves that I daresay the weakness can be remedied when it is decided to make changes.

Sims Moving!

Sims has not played up to his old form since he went from Bristol to Burnley, and I shall forecast his departure. It is, perhaps, only a case of the wrong environment, since Sims can play football all right. The Rovers would like him back again, but his next club may be Manchester City, who are said to be anxious for Sims' signature. Anyway, Burnley's second team is not his proper sphere.

Is Weight Necessary?

We hear so much of the necessity of size and weight in a centre-forward, that none but the burly ones are supposed to be any good at all. And yet Len Davies of Cardiff is well amongst the top scorers. There is very little weight in Davies, but his anticipation of centres is very good, and, always on his toes, he is round the opposing backs or between them seconds quicker than most centres.

Not at Home.

One of the hottest teams in the country on their own pitch are Leeds United, and a team that concedes very few home points has always a chance of promotion. In six weeks the United defenders did not concede a goal, which is not bad even in these days when the majority of forwards are poor shots. Leeds will "go up" if they continue this form.

A Read'ng Discovery.

Reading are on the up-grade, and will do better still if they continue to play Eggo, the centre-half, at right back. The old Wednesday man has fitted the bill there splendidly. I was greatly impressed, when I saw him recently, by his neat and accurate volleying and sound tackling. It would not, indeed, surprise me to see Reading approached for his transfer before the Cup-ties come along.

"Wanted—A Centre."

There are signs that Chelsea are awakening to the danger of running their team without a real centreforward, and a big endeavour is being made to fill the berth. Rumour says that Stamford Bridge spies have even been seen as far north as Falkirk, where, I understand, they are after Puddefoot. But the Scottish team, even if inclined to part with Puddefoot, will want a tidy little sum for the transfer.

FORECASTS FOR DEC. 1.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

Arsenal, *Aston Villa, Bolton, Burnley, *Everton, Manchester City, *Preston, Sheffield United, Spurs.

Away Winners.

*Cardiff City.

Draws.

*Sunderland v. Huddersfield.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Barnsley, Coventry, *Derby, Fulham, Leeds United, Leicester, *Stoke.

Away Winners.

*Bury.

Draws.

*Bradford City v. Orient.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

Doncaster Rovers, *Rochdale, *Wolves.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Luton, Millwall, *Swansea.

Away Winners.

*Plymouth Argyle.

Draws.

Newport v. Swindon.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

*Airdrieonians, *Celtic, Dundee, Hearts, Motherwell, Partick Thistle, Queen's Park.

Away Winners.

*Rangers.

Draws.

Aberdeen v. Raith Rovers, Ayr v. Hamilton.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

WEIGHT AND BRAIN.

PROFESSIONAL footballers know who of themselves is the best, whatever selectors think. The majority claim Chambers of Liverpool the best inside-left there is, and they are nearly right. Anyway, he is the one man who automatically goes into the next national team.

There are several players who can make openings, but few who can take them.

Chambers is not only a schemer for goals but a fine shot. He "hits" the ball with plenty of force and this gives it that final swerve which goal-keepers dread. They do not like Chambers a little bit when he has his shooting boots on.

Still, if he never scored a goal, Chambers would be a most attractive footballer. Although a heavy man, he is remarkably quick on his feet, fast and a great dribbler. These virtues are not associated with players weighing over twelve stone, but Chambers has the lot, and to them can be added a burst on his own which he always has the confidence to project when the right moment arrives.

Chambers is a Northumbrian by birth and the North Eastern scouts missed the chance of a lifetime when they let Chambers escape to Liverpool.

"Free Kick" Foolishness.

Referees' powers, under the term of ungentlemanly conduct, are wide enough, but hardly ever applied. A football "crime" that could be dealt with is the childishness so often displayed over a free kick. For instance, A places the ball for the kick when B of the other side, considering a few yards have been poached, kicks the ball back a bit. A retrieves it and finally the referee has to intervene and place the ball on what *he* thinks is the right spot. Again, the other day I saw a player throw the ball among the spectators after a throw-in had been awarded against him. The least that should have happened to him was to be made to fetch it back. The F.A. should give referees instruction on the point I have raised.

Dud Referees.

The List of Referees needs a severe overhauling. I do not say there is a general ignorance of the offside rule which a small boy could understand, but some of the official interpretations of it are ludicrous. And linesmen nowadays are anything but a help to the referees. They are paid a guinea and a half—which is what the First Division lot get—to decide whose throw-in it is and that the throw-in is properly done. Instead of which some of them spend most of their time making frantic signals to the referee.

Incidentally nothing upsets players so much as wrong decisions, and when a weak official is in charge it's 10 to 1 on a game that degenerates as it goes along. Some of the best footballers have been very bitter when talking to me on the subject.

Gold Watch Affair.

When the International Rugby Board meets next week I hope it will severely "tell off" the Scottish Union, which every few years forces its antediluvian ideas of professionalism on the Unions of other countries. To attempt to professionalise the Newport players for being wise enough to accept a gold watch each, is about the limit in narrow-mindedness. If the International Board does not intimate to the Scottish Rugby Union that this is 1923 not 1823, I shall be disappointed.

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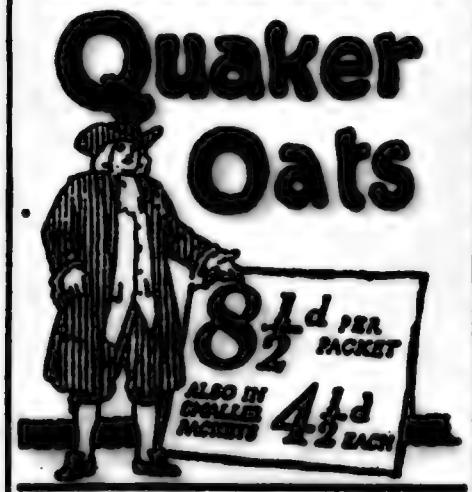

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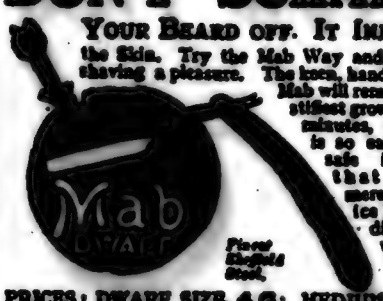

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Injuring Britain.

You are right in condemning Lord Rothermere and his papers in their defence of the French policy in the Ruhr. Rothermere is doing a great injury to this country in supporting a plan that makes for unemployment in England. He no more represents the feeling of Great Britain than Poincaré does of France.—*George Hill, Middlesboro'.*

Judas.

With much pleasure I wish to join you in your attitude towards Lord Rothermere. Thus does history repeat itself, for is not Rothermere a veritable Judas "selling his country for filthy lucre?" If I was in your position I would show up the whole hypocrisy of the Harmsworth Press. At the present day they support every country and every statesman and every foreigner against their own countrymen.—*G. C. Anderson, Preston Grove, N. 8.*

Press Monopoly.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in your columns, renders the community a great public service in showing the evils of Press monopoly. One marvels at the silence in other quarters and the indifference of our people to what I consider to be a grave menace to the proper government of our country, for if you allow a combine of the Press with Lord Rothermere at the head, he and not Parliament does the talking. And we are entirely at his mercy!—*Richard G., Hindley.*

Change the Record.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's great articles showing up Lord Rothermere and the *Daily Mail* are being read with satisfaction all over the country. I come in contact with hundreds of people every week, and they all agree with what A.G.G. says. It is time this newspaper owner changed his tune and gave Britain a look in instead of always praising France. After all, all the British Premiers can't be wrong about the Ruhr and Poincaré can't be always right.—*Well Wisher.*

Knavish Power.

I have just been reading the article "Gloves off to Rothermere," by A. G. Gardiner, and feel constrained to offer you my humble thanks for exposing the sinister influence which Lord Rothermere's monopolistic Press is undoubtedly wielding over the British people. It is iniquitous that such a state of affairs should exist, and that one man should possess such knavish power; it is a most unhealthy atmosphere politically, socially and every other "ally," but the people, if they would only take the trouble to think for themselves, have it in their power to ostracise this "leech of national opinion." A few more similar articles attacking Rothermere's nostrums would have a salutary effect I feel sure.—*C. S., Bedford.*

"Daily Mail" Language.

"Gloves off to Rothermere"—what rot! The *Daily Mail* has not failed, and never will. To Hell with Germany, I say, and I have millions with me in this. What rot these words are:—"But at last France realises that we are not chain-led by this newspaper owner, and that our desire is to see justice done, etc." Germany has had more than justice, and you know it, and you will find that Poincaré and the French are not such fools as you think. I wonder what Lord Rothermere has done to Mr. A. G. Gardiner? Don't write such rot, please.—*J. Calvert, Shirley, Southampton.*

[*Mr. Calvert's letter simply proves that he has misread A. G. G.'s article.—Ed.*]

Country Behind Us.

I notice with delight your splendid attack on the Rothermere Press. I am sure you have the support of all the saner parts of the country in this. Your paper has great influence, and can do much by counter-propaganda. Now could you not lend your help in promoting some society with the express object of defeating the Rothermere Press by propaganda and all other possible means? You will be surprised at the response you will get. And when once its aims are realised, all true lovers of England will support it.—*C. C. Pothill, Mornington Crescent, N.W. 1.*

Travelling Harems.

Are harem conditions less prevalent than they were in some revue or musical comedy companies on tour in small towns? Are girls, inexperienced in the world's ways and out for the first time, being so paid that they can't keep their bodies alive and dress off the stage without having to sell their souls? These are questions which should be answered in view of recent disclosures.—"*Spotlight*," *Manchester.*

On the Light Fantastic Toe.

I cannot quite agree with your correspondent, "No Dancer," for, to me and to my friends, the dancing season is the best time in the world. Imagine a weary day in town, then three or perhaps four hours in the dance-hall. Whirled away into a complete dream of happiness we can then forget the happenings of the day. We return home to a new world it seems, happy and light-hearted. We go about our daily work content and satisfied, knowing we have derived some pleasure from dancing.—*Happy Dancer.*

More Referees.

The unsatisfactory nature of many decisions in League football matches, necessitated by the referee's inability to keep up with the fleet-footed forwards, calls for immediate attention from the authorities. Personally, I think that by a referee acting in each half of the ground better facilities would be obtainable for ascertaining "off-side," "penalties," the legitimacy of goals, etc., and thus more unqualified satisfaction would be given to the crowd.—*T. McCrohon, Aston, near Birmingham.*

On Other Pages

THE names of the winners of the first 100 *Bullets* Turkeys are on page 30. There are twice as many offered this week.

ALTHOUGH the Motor Show is a thing of the past, *Motomac*, on page 27, is proving a friend in need, not only to the motorist but to the man who hopes to be one.

FIVE POUNDS for writing only twenty-four words is good pay. Full particulars of this simple competition will be found on page 4.

Beer, Glorious Beer!

There is no outward and visible sign that Prohibition is necessary in this free country. Some years ago when beer was worth drinking, there was perhaps a certain amount of drunkenness, but nowadays it is quite exceptional to observe anyone the worse for liquor. There will always be a certain number of people who cannot, or will not, control their alcoholic thirst, but to penalise the majority for the sake of a small minority is non-British and unfair. Lemonade fanatics imported from America and elsewhere will meet with "stout" resistance, and "bitter" controversy will rage unless we "bar" them altogether.—*Wm Bambrick, Highbury, London, N. 5.*

The Old Slum Mother.

I have read this article by "A Gentleman With a Duster," and I wish to say, with all respect, that the duster must be tied over his eyes at times! Now, I know nothing of Mayfair or Whitechapel, but I do know the West End and the East End of Glasgow. In the latter, I see daily the drawn, worried looking faces of the women and the white, pinched faces of the children. In the West End I daily see well-clad smug-faced women and rosy-cheeked, well-fed looking children. It is an old game of the clergy to try to make the poor contented by pointing out the unhappiness of the rich, but I did not think that the "G. W.th a D." would fall for it.—*A Blighter with a Brush, Glasgow.*

Wonderful Poverty!

It is a pity that "A Gentleman With a Duster" should write an article whose intention is to idealise poverty. Such false sentiment does more to cripple true reform than all the anti-progressives under the sun, for the reason that when the average man hears extravagant accounts of contentment among the lower classes, he concludes that interference is unnecessary. The blunt fact is that while riches may destroy the soul, poverty destroys the body. Wealth has its evils, but the evils of poverty outnumber them by ten to one.—*W. H. M., Wembley, Middlesex.*

Are Servants Immora'?

When the mother of an illegitimate baby is obliged to sue the father she is frequently described as a domestic servant. The question arises: does domestic service lead to immorality more than other occupations? Most servants are more or less restricted and supervised, so that their chances of going out to dances and such-like amusements where one meets the opposite sex, are few and far between. Perhaps it is because they have fewer opportunities of social intercourse than girls employed in shops and offices that they more easily succumb to the wiles of unscrupulous men.—*Wm. Bambrick, Highbury, N. 5.*

Waste Places of Britain.

We hear a lot about sending our surplus population to the waste places of Australia, etc., but nothing of the waste places of Britain. Sutherlandshire, with 2,000 square miles, contains only 20,000 people, and is mainly a pleasure ground for our rich. Can no better use be found for this land at this critical time, when the well-being of our people as a whole is more important than the pleasures of a few? This land, suitable not only for grazing and forestry, may also contain much mineral wealth, as the finding of gold in Kildonan ordved.—"*Highlander.*"

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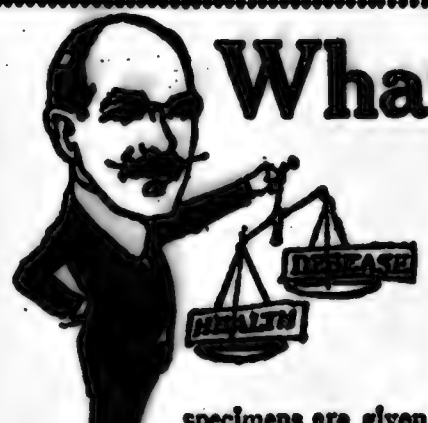

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PHOSPHORUS. Constituent of the brain.	*Phosphorus* .. 1-100th gr. *Nux Vomica* .. 1-250 gr. *Damiana* .. 1 gr. *Lecithin* .. 1 gr.		*DAMIANA.* Cerebro-Spinal Tonic.
Invigorates brain workers.			*LECITHIN.* Natural Glycero-phosphate. Used in albuminturising food defective nutrition.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.			

Price 1/- (25), 2/3 (50), 3/- (100), 5/- (200 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC.

A WORLD-FAMED HEART AND NERVE TONIC—PREVENTS HEART FAILURE AFTER INFLUENZA. A VALUABLE WARM-WEATHER TONIC.

HEART TONIC (Prescription 630.)

PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FAINTING IN CROWDED OR HOT WARM WEATHER.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS			VALUE OF INGREDIENTS
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.	*Nux Vomica Ex.* 1-60th gr. *Gentian Extract* 1 gr. *Digitalis* .. .. 1 gr. *Dandelion Extract* 1 gr.		*GENTIAN.* Tones the Stomach. *DANDELION.* Stimulates the kidneys.
DIGITALIS. Steadies the action of the heart.			

Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (75), 6/6 (144 pills).

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GRAVEL. (Prescription 634.)

Potassium Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Triple Turpentine, Juniper Berry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, Copaiba, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Gravel, Sciatica, etc. Price 1/- (25), 2/9 (50), 2/6 (75), 6/6 (144 tablets).

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL CORNS.
(Prescription 631.)

Get rid of them with this. *Salicylic Acid, Resin Ointment,* etc.

With directions. Price 7½d.

You can have these medicines post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

MR. WM. SHADFORTH,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)

48 (Dept. A 137), King William Street, (Opposite King William Monument), LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Head End Branch & Mail Order Office—83, Green Road, Bow, E.3. Special Depot—Messrs. Gamages, Holborn, E.C.1, Messrs. Lewis & Burrows (all Branches), Woolwich, S.E. 15 (30, Spring Lane), and Walthamstow, E. 17 (10, High Street).

ACIDITY
Cured in One Week for One Shilling.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, fullness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rx: *Bismuth Carb., 3-grs grains. Soda Bicarb., 2½-grs grains. Magnesia Carb., 3 grains. Oil of Peppermint, 1-16th drop. Oil of Aniseed, 1-16th drop. Aq: Tablet.*

Trial Size 1/-

(Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077.)

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid. ANISE OIL AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; sweet mouth and breath; headiness vanished; long may face replaced by rosy bread, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (30 tablets). Larger family sizes 2/6 (72), 5/6 (144), and 9/- (432). Post free.

CONSTIPATION, SICK-HEADACHE, INDIGESTION.
(Prescription 2,022.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and many forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Capsicum, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/- (50), 1/3 (100), or 2/- (300 pills).

FORCED MARCH TONIC.
(Prescription 452.)

Will help you over the stile.

Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Cola, Damiana.

In pills. Price 2/6 (75), 5/- (216), and 9/- (400). With directions.

GLOOMING LIVER, SOUR ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLE.
(Prescription 222.)

Carbolic, Vinegar Turpentine, Colchicum, Gentian Nux, Podophyllin, Capsules, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.

Price 1/- (25), 2/9 (75), 6/9 (144 pills).

CONSCRIPTION LIVER TONIC.
(Prescription 229.)

Cretaceous, Cinnamomum, Bael Marmora, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.

Useful in combating lazy weakness. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets).

Pamphlet free on request.

BRAIN BLOOD TONIC FOR ACHES, PIMPLES, SCANTY HAIR, SKIN ERUPTIONS, FLABBY MUSCLES.
(Prescription 1,232.)

A known, admitted, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144), and 12/- (432).

GOUT, ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SWOLLEN TOES and FINGERS.
(Prescription 74.)

Colchicum, Blue Pill, Rhubarb Pill, Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.

Price 1/- (25), 2/9 (75), 5/6 (144 pills).

NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, ACID STOMACH DYSPEPSIA.
(Prescription 224.)

Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.

Price 1/- (25), 2/9 (75), 5/6 (144 pills).

DIZZINESS, NERVOUSNESS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, ANÆMIA, ALOPECIA (Hair Falling).
(Prescription 230.)

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning.

Price 2/9 and 5/-.

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS, Blood Pressure Troublesome Unnecessary.

Specialist's known and approved prescription.

Soda Sulphate, Soda Chloride, Soda Carbonate, Neutral Soda Phosphate, Soda Nitrate, Magnesia Phosphate, Calcium Glycerophosphate, in each tablet.

(Prescription 1,102.)

Price 1/- (25), 2/9 (100 tablets).

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, ARTERITIS, AND INFLUENZA.
(Prescription 233.)

Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.

Price 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets). With directions.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE.
(Prescription 1,078.)

Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.

You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs, with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till required.

Price 6d. (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100 tablets).

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(Prescription 7847.)

Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.

Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets.

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EPILEPSY.
(Prescription 2227.)

Falling Sickness.

Ammonium, Potassium and Sodium Bromides, Ammonium Carbonate, Potassium Iodide, Compound Tincture of Gentian.

Price 2/- (50), 3/6 (75), 6/- (144 tablets).

SORE THROAT, HAWKING, LARYNGITIS, TONSILLITIS, &c.
(Prescription 1,234.)

Potassium Chlorate, Boron Formamide, Tannin, Cinnamon, Eucalyptus.

Excellent for Public Speakers and Singers.

Price 6d. (25), 10d. (50), 1/6 (75), 2/6 (144 tablets).

DON'T GROW GREY.

Use Shadforth's

TRANSPARENT HAIR RESTORER

for restoring grey or faded hair to its natural colour.

Price 2/6 with directions. Sent in plain wrapper.

(Prescription 293.)

Play Billiards in your own home.

14/- DOWN

A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £14 18s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay monthly at all dining tables—see price list. There are various sizes to

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

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RILEY'S "COSSENE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES, from £22 10s., or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

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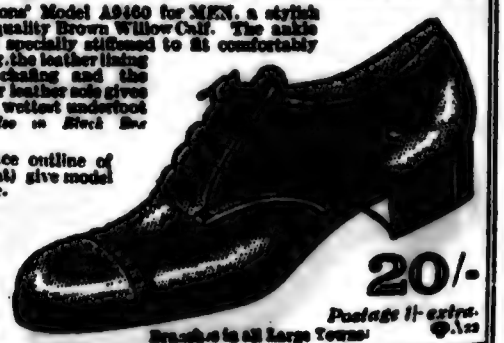
Buy this gentlemanly shoe by post

JACKSONS' SAVE YOU 10/-

If you have been paying high prices for your footwear, buy a pair of Jacksons' 20/- Dri-ped Soled Shoes. Buy footwear that keeps its shape that is guaranteed double-wearing and waterproof, yet is sold direct from the factory at little more than half usual shop price.

Northampton's finest craftmanship

produces Jacksons' Model A9460 for MEN, a stylish shoe in finest quality Brown Willow Calf. The ankle is moulded and specially stiffened to fit comfortably without slipping, the leather lining prevents foot chafing and the DRI-PED super leather sole gives double wear and ensures dry feet in the wettest underfoot conditions. Welted as hand sewn. *Also in Black Box Calf No. 9125.*



WHEN ORDERING state size for trace outline of stockinged foot with pencil held upright) give model number and include 1/- extra for postage.

FREE. — Jacksons' Illustrated Catalogue of Footwear on receipt of postcard.

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20/- *Postage 1/- extra.*

Branches in all Large Towns. ⊕A22

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

WHAT about the Trojan? Last year the question was asked in fun. It was the Freak Car of the Show. Everybody saw it but only a few bold spirits sampled it. This year the question is asked seriously

There are hints that it can take to the fields and the moors like a hunter, that people whose work is done in the backwoods of Britain have found it invaluable. It asserts its right to be considered.

It so happens that a reasoned judgment may assist another inquirer with somewhat special needs. He wants a cheap car that will stand the rough and tumble of parcels delivery during the week and yet be presentable to take the family for an airing on the Sunday.

It must also be British, wisely or unwisely he forgets that Henry Ford provides much work for British mechanics who are not on his pay-roll.

My answer was, what about the Trojan? and together we looked at it. To begin with a powerful engine, yet only rated at 10 h.p. Next, no fear of punctures, and when the tyres ultimately wear off, a complete set for about £7 10s. Chain drive, no back axle trouble. Epicyclic transmission, easy to drive and, more important, easy to stop.

THE Trojan is as near a foolproof car as one can get, and therefore less likely to cost money in repairs. Especially when handled by careless drivers. In fact the Trojan is one of the inventions which develop a taste for the open road, and generally leads to further purchases.

It does not look a haughty car and will likely put up with any sort of shelter. I could wish it more handsome but in an age of utility it is impossible to deny its advantages.

In fact, taking it all round it is probably the most economical car to run and deserves its place among motors for the million. A four-seater costs £157.

Thinking about millions, I trust some of our motor traders with orders for a few thousand cars are not going home too satisfied. In case they are I present them with the following facts.

Ford intends to turn out three million cars and tractors next year. That will be about 10,000 each working day: so far our biggest single firm output is estimated at 1,000 per week. Keep pushing Mr. Morris, there's room yet and your efforts are being appreciated.

SOME recent purchasers may have taken delivery and are trying the delights of driving for the first time. A word of caution. Dead leaves and half-frozen mud make about the best skidding mixture possible. Don't go all out where the road looks treacherous.

Nothing destroys confidence so much as a bad skid, and nothing is more important in driving than confidence.

If the pace is moderate, the car will right itself, provided that the clutch is not disengaged. In braking on slippery asphalt or wet tram-lines don't declutch instantly. The clutch pedal fractionally later than the brake pedal keeps the car in the track.

Speaking of skidding. I was glad to note that the Michelin Company have reintroduced their steel stud tyres. The fashion for years has been to depend on big designs in the tread, but we have all missed the grip of the steel stud, especially on the greasy city streets. British tyre makers will be well advised to follow the lead immediately.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 2.

WATCH MANUFACTURERS, SOLID GOLD WATCH OFFER. SOLD UNDER "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

From Factory to Wearer

NEVER BEFORE HAS SUCH AN AMAZING BARGAIN been offered, and every "John Bull" reader should seize the opportunity by calling upon us, or sending their order to-day. Stock is limited, and when these watches are sold we shall be unable to repeat.

BUY DIRECT & SAVE POUNDS

9ct SOLID GOLD GUARANTEED ENGLISH HALL MARKED CASE

WRITTEN GUARANTEE FOR 10 YEARS WITH EACH WATCH

SOLID GOLD POST FREE 20/-

FITTED WITH SOLID GOLD Expanding BRACELET 12/- EXTRA. POST FREE 20/-

No. SOLID GOLD (English Hall Marked Case) FULLY JEWELLED movement action, perfect timekeeper. Written guarantee for ten years and your cash refunded if within 7 days you are not more than perfectly satisfied. POST FREE 20/-. IF FITTED WITH SOLID GOLD BRACELET 12/- EXTRA.

POST FREE 20/-

TIME YOUR MOVEMENTS.

Open View showing Dust Proof Doors.

People who time their movements are successful in life. Life is becoming so systematised that one must time their movements, or become hopelessly lost.

A prince's movements are best timed who possesses A "WATTS WATCH!" They do not fail at the critical moment.

GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER 20/- post free,

Best lever movement action. Perfect time-keeper. Guaranteed ten years. Extra heavy case, fitted with dust and damp-proof doors as illustrated, fitted with patent release action, and cannot possibly be overwound. So sure are we of its ability to withstand hard usage that we enclose a ten years' guarantee with every watch sold. Post free 20/- only.

EXACT REPRODUCTION of a TWENTY GUINEA MODEL.

Also in Superior quality with fully Jewelled Lever Movement. Post free 25/-

A FREE FINE ART CATALOGUE sent on receipt of a p.c. Mention "John Bull." Better value than we offer is absolutely impossible.

Compare our prices and judge for yourself. Thousands of JOHN BULL readers are in possession of our watches and have written expressing their appreciation of the wonderful value we give.

Do not delay, forward your order to-day, under the JOHN BULL guarantee, to—

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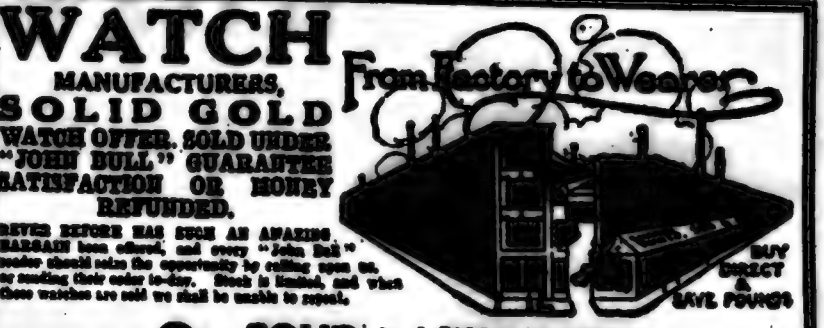

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Gre-Solvent quickly removes all dirt and leaves your hands soft, white and clean. For greasy pots and pans, enamelled ware and insides of gas ovens.

GRE-SOLVENT

MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra

"Eat only the best toffee"

SHARP'S SUPER KREEM TOFFEE

Save Ties & Time —in Tying Ties

Why pull your Tie to pieces and waste time and temper? With Terry's "AVECTA" Neckie Adjuster you can put your tie on the stiffest and most stubborn collar in 10 seconds. Once Tie has been placed on adjuster it does not need attention until changed. The thing for stiff double collars. A wonderful tie, time, and labour saver.

2 for 1/3 post free.

"AVECTA" Armbands for Sleeve Comfort

They keep shirt cuffs off the wrists and give the feeling of freedom men like so well. Ask for Terry's "AVECTA" Armband. It is most easy wearing, and gives long service.

Plated 8d. per pair. Gilt or Silvered 9d. per pair.

If you cannot buy Terry's goods locally order from us.

TERRY'S

From Outfitters and Drapers, etc.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, Ltd., Hearts, Redditch, Eng. Est. 1853

GRAVES WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

Reaches the highest point of All-British excellence, and is the finest cycle value in the world.

Deliveries carried out to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance in 10 monthly payments of 10/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money back if disappointed.

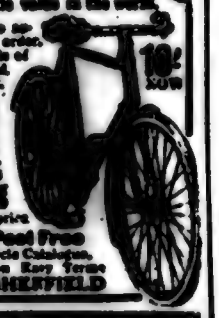
Specification: Reynold Chain. Glossop A-Weir Tyres. Brampton's Rims. Dunlop Westwood Rims. Sowden Brakes. B.M.A. Free Wheel. Reynold's Steel Tubing. Spiral Spring Saddle &c. £7 : 10 : 0

All-black model if desired, same price.

Write for Catalogue Post Free

Send to-day for the Graves Cycle Catalogue. Three-speed models, &c., on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



Perfect Shoe Wear at lowest Cost.

Phillips 'President'

Light Rubber Soles . . . Invisible.

Ladies' 2/- pair. . . Men's 3/- pair.

From all Bootmakers.

BABY CARS from £2.1.3

Direct from Factory.

On Approval.

CARRIAGE PAID.

Retail Profits Saved.

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STREET PUBLIC SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 136), Coventry.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply

B. I. (Worthing).—"I am glad you are attacking the Rothermere Press." We take off our hats to you!

B. R. W. (Manor Park).—"The roast chestnut season is now here." And pantomime is fast approaching.

NED (Walton).—"There's a lot of money made out of leather." It's a pity there aren't more boots.

MRS. KENNEDY (Sale).—"Many a man drives a woman to extremities." Then he deserves to lose his licence.

CESAR S. (Hendon).—"My brother Will wears very loud clothes." You should get him to wear a muffler.

D. R. (Tring).—"How long will it be before the Government asses learn sense?" Donkey's years.

H. W. A. (Brondesbury).—"Is it true that many sane men are confined in asylums?" We are afraid it is, but don't be nervous.

CLERK (Kennington).—"Restaurant prices are still much too high." Consequently, we take it, you are in favour of tariff reform.

B. S. (Smethwick).—"I am sending you the enclosed for what it is worth." And, by omitting to stamp the envelope, you have correctly assessed the value.

I. W. (Sutton).—"Half the so-called safety matches you buy won't even light." Possibly that's where the safety comes in.

J. C. (Blackheath).—"Although I've done business with him for years, this dentist stopped the cheque." Perhaps he thought it was a tooth.

W. B. (Crowborough).—"The law allows the well-educated criminal far too much rope." No doubt that's why he skips so often.

M. T. S. (Mitcham).—"It is a human failing to leave undone the things that ought to have been done." What about the Income tax collector?

K. L. (Salford).—"I think that men make very poor company at the dinner table." Most likely they are too full for words.

W. J. (Andover).—"It may be that I am old-fashioned but, really, I do not like taxis." We don't either, only we spell them a different way.

W. Y. (Leicester).—"There is very little to choose between the politician and the lawyer." Sure! So often it happens that they are the same fellow.

A. M. (Tilbury).—"A monocle is too frequently a subject of derision, but my friends agree that mine improves my appearance considerably." What a spectacle!

F. D. (Felixstowe).—"Apparently there is still a lot of snuff being manufactured, but who uses it?" No one nose!

M. R. T. (Pendleton).—"I think this man should be turned down." Or shown up.

JOHN (Wendover).—"A woman has forgiveness written on her face." Some of them, certainly, can easily make it up.

N. D. (Dulwich).—"The miner has a high reputation to live up to." Yes, and a lot of work to get down to.

W. L. E. (Shadwell).—"I should like to know who is behind this new service of motor busses." The conductors are at the back of them, anyhow.

W. J. F. (Handsworth).—"Women have ridden the high horse long enough." And only recently some of them have become jockeys.

F. G. (Dundee).—"My opinions and my advice are given freely." We most certainly shouldn't think of paying for either.

S. E. J. (Canterbury).—"These people do nothing and get well paid for it." And we shouldn't mind doing twice as much for the same money.

B. B. (Brondesbury).—"No two people have exactly the same opinion of a book." It seems of necessity that they must both come to words.

N. O. L. (Birmingham).—"The school children have to recite in the draughty corridors." It is certainly no place to quote long passages.

K. T. (Bedford).—"Who is this man who calls himself 'A Gentleman with a Duster'?" Aha! Wouldn't you just like to know!

W. D. (Brixton).—"There's a lot of nice looking girls around Acre Lane here about 22." And there's quite a number around Long Acre about 93.

R. B. (Beattock).—"The Government worry themselves too much about purely City affairs." It has gone to the country at the moment anyhow.

P. R. (Halifax).—"Longhand writing has gone out of fashion and typewriting, deservedly, has taken its place." And so long as the typewriting is typed right—right!

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

T. M. A. (Dartfield).—"The leopard cannot change its spots." No, but the elephant can carry its trunk.

B. J. (Cricksea).—"One-third of the alleged yachts wintered on the Crouch are only fit for firewood." Burnham!

L. H. (N.W.6).—"All field sports involve some discomfort and even pain to animals." We've seen referees chased off the football field ourselves!

OLDSTER (Farnborough).—"Early rising is still a most important factor for the young man who seeks success." They've got to get up to get on, as it were.

MRS. HARRIS (E.C. 1.).—"I always give my husband a hot drink when he comes home from work." A cordial welcome.

K. S. (Burnley).—"I hear that a college is to be built on top of Mount Everest." Evidently they're going in for higher education.

MRS. F. (Portslade).—"My daughter's young man comes round nearly every night and stays to supper" Give him the cold shoulder

B. T. (Benfleet).—"I know what gambling has done for me." And its nearly done for quite a lot of other people.

S. B. (Coventry).—"There are a good many highly placed officers who have begun at the bottom." And there are plenty who will never go "over the top."

R. U. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"The people who criticise the labouring man clearly know nothing about him. He has no choice." Still he can always take his pick.

T. B. C. (Yeovil).—"If a man dresses in the winter with common sense and discretion he can snap his fingers at the weather." And very often, we should think, it will be a cold snap.

J. F. (Ipswich).—"You can't expect a cad to turn out a gentleman." If the gentleman is *really* a gentleman there should be no earthly reason for having him turned out.

G. Y. (Bushey).—"I have never known a really pretty girl that had any sense." Possibly that's because a really pretty girl with sense would have more sense than know you.

N. D. (Chatham).—"Success in married life is assured if husband and wife realise that they are pulling together in the same boat." And if the captain sees that the little passengers are properly looked after.

H. R. S. (Darlington).—"My neighbour has put a padlock on his chicken-house." Never mind—if you hurry up, you can win a *Bullrit* turkey instead. There are 200 looking for owners this week.

C. A. (Smethwick).—"It is for the men to be up and doing." And for the women to collect the doings.

W. E. S. (Llandudno).—"Spectacles cost a lot of money." Twelve and sixpence for a stall in London frequently.

L. B. J. (Chedworth).—"We would all be ever so much happier if we thought more of ourselves." The wife tells us we couldn't.

S. C. (Glasgow).—"Having been an invalid for the past four years I have developed a 'natural' ability as a song-writer." You ought to call in a specialist before it is too late.

W. G. (Newport).—"The Press prints nonsense and fiction rather than fact." When the readers prefer fact to fiction the Press will print it.

S. T. G. (York).—"Good old JOHN BULL is behind every recent movement for good." That's because we're always well ahead.

T. S. (Southport).—"Why don't the Allies arrest Little Willie and try him?" He's a big enough trial to the Allies as it is.

V. H. (Dewsbury).—"If shopkeepers are feeling the slump, it serves them right." More likely it's because they didn't serve you right.

M. H. (Littlefield).—"A little bit of paint does make the home look so cosy and comfortable." So long as Dad doesn't paint it red, yes!

B. L. (Blackburn).—"We have no statesmen in Parliament at the present time." If there are no more in the next it will be the voters' own fault.

M. N. (Settle).—"How is it that spiritualists will believe anything?" Presumably because their wishes destroy their ability to think.

S. S. (Horton).—"Is the Ministry of Health doing anything to stop all this poisoning of food?" Yes. It is "watching" the situation.

P. N. C. (Bristol).—"You must by this time realise that I know what I am talking about." But the point is do you know what you're writing about?

F. G. (Chelsea).—"Will you see that all pledges made at the coming election are redeemed later on?" We will try—but remember pledges are made only to be pawned.

M. M. (Neasden).—"Cannot we older people remember our younger days, and that boys will be boys." But so many of them become old women when they grow up.

R. T. A. (Birmingham).—"I would take my chance in London if I could find something to hang on to." Easy! You must travel on the tube and become a strap-hanger.

T. V. (Southsea).—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself wanting to trade with Germany." And you ought to be ashamed for wanting us to be ashamed of such a commonsense policy.

E. M. (Edgware).—"You are advertising for a Managing Director. I can fill that office if you give me a free hand." We will give you good advice—read JOHN BULL more carefully in future.

V. G. (Bridlington).—"Why did Mr. Baldwin agree to pay the American debt in dollars instead of pounds?" That's only one of the questions taxpayers will ask him in the next few days.

M. C. (W.C. 2).—"I run my little restaurant on the best lines possible, but even then I occasionally get complaints." You get complaints, but isn't it true not in the same place as your customers do?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Our Xmas Gift Offer—A Request

Thousands of "John Bull" readers are already in the happy possession of their Golden Gift Sets. Other readers, desirous of availing themselves of our offer, are advised to apply early to avoid the Xmas rush.

For full particulars see page 32.

CLARENCE (who is rather wildish)
Gazed with awe at Grandpapa—

Ninety-seven—still not childish—
Stuffing pork and caviare,
Eating as a common habit
Duck and lobster and Welsh rabbit.

CLARENCE (cramped with indigestion)
Said: "Old bean, how do you do it?"
For an answer to the question
Grandpa pointed to the cruet:
"Boy, take MUSTARD when you dine
And keep your system young like mine!"

Colman's DRY **Mustard**

£6,000 FIRST PRIZE

puts the "IN" in Independent

£6,000! What would it mean to you? A new house—a business of your own—the best education and start for your children—*independence* from all money worries—in a word, HAPPINESS! Enter, then, for the great

'Treasure Quest'

£10,000 Prize Money to be Won.

The Treasure Quest is a competition organised by the Irish Loyalists' Appeal Association in Aid of Distressed and Destitute Southern Irish Loyalists who have suffered for their loyalty to Great Britain.

Appeal Committee: Lord Willoughby de Broke; The Earl of Ranfurly, G.C.M.G.; The Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell; Mrs. Webster; Brig.-Gen. C. Prescott-Decie; I. W. Raymond, Esq.

1st Prize - £6,000

(The Biggest First Prize in any 2/6 Competition.)

2nd Prize - £2,000

3rd Prize - £1,000

4 Prizes of £200 each

and scores of other substantial Cash Awards.

TICKETS 2/6 EACH

From all Theatre Ticket Agents and Libraries, Army and Navy Stores, Ltd., Selfridge's, Ltd., and Gamages, Ltd., or shops exhibiting the Treasure Quest Poster—or send the coupon.

SEND FOR YOUR TICKETS NOW

To DIRECTOR. "Treasure Quest Competition,"
58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Please send me.....tickets (at 2/6 each) and the necessary competition pictures, for which I enclose cheque (postal order) for £.....s.....d.....

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please write in BLOCK CAPITALS AND IN INK. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "& Co." and made payable to "Treasure Quest Competition."

J.B.24.11.

THIS YEAR'S BEST XMAS GIFT—A 2/6 TICKET

2/6 Weekly

£5 15s. CASH

5/- Monthly. FURS

£42/- Send 5/-

No. 7888.—The most attractive and comfort-able Modern Cosy Fur Wrap, any lady could wish for, almost equal in appearance to the most costly furs. It will give you a charming appearance, and keep you warm and cosy on the coldest of winter days. It is a good, serviceable wrap, well made of good quality fur, and beautifully lined with art silk brocade. Complete with pocket, silk cord, and bottom, size 57 x 30 inches. Price only 5/- on easy terms, 5/- now and 5/- monthly, Send 5/- now and have one of these beautiful fur Wraps to wear throughout the winter. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Send 5/- now. We also stock a superior quality, 72 inches long, finished with eight tails, a most showy, rich-looking wrap. Price 70/6, or 5/6 now and 5/- monthly. Send deposit and say which fur we shall send you. PRICE LIST OF FURS, WINTER COATS, ETC., POST FREE.

MASTERS, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE

The "LA OW-INCH-O" is a HIGH-CLASS BRITISH Cigar with a pronounced HAVANA flavour. It is a straight CORONA shape, sold in two sizes: Petit Corona, 11/3 for 25; 21/- for 50; length, 4½in.
No. 2, 10/3 for 25; 20/- for 50; length, 4¾in.
Cash with order and delivered free.—OWEN SHAW & CO., Romney Bridge.

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BRITISH MADE.

45 YEARS' REPUTATION IS OUR GUARANTEE. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED. All our gramophones are CARRIAGE PAID, and sent on 14 days' approval. Every range of model in stock. The biggest bargains ever offered in gramophones at prices within the reach of all.
Buy direct from the maker and save middleman's profits. Write for our beautiful Coloured Catalogue, 2d., free on request.

FREE. 24 ROYAL SIDE RECORDS, giveaway for the Gramophone

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SUITS. THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

This is the honest truth. We challenge comparison. For dependable quality, excellent fit and superlative finish the Graves 50/- suits are without equal.

Graves System ensures satisfaction. Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, & we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments. Price 50/-

From 7/6 with order

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit, carriage paid to approved orders on receipt of only 7/6 with your order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied. Money back if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for Patterns

Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. With the cloth samples in your hands you will be able to judge the excellence of the materials and the value we are offering. We guarantee Style, Quality and Finish. Prices from 50/-

J. G. Graves Ltd Sheffield.

Wherever you live and however great a way from Sheffield you are

2/6 Weekly

or 10/6 cash in all you pay for a superbly made 15-inch Gramophone with massive solid oak cabinet, dynamic richly coloured metal horn, extra large motor and reproducer, fitted with 40 new Fibre needles, and carriage paid, on

10 DAYS' TRIAL.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

Elegantly designed, Portable Machine, fitted Tone Governor and Tone Cabinet Models at £5-5-, Inter-Stage prices. Write for Illustrated Art catalogue and testimonials.

CO. (DEPT. 4.97) BIRMINGHAM.

Continued from page 4.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

WIRELESS.

"OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND!"

Daily from LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, BOURNEMOUTH, NEWCASTLE, GLASGOW or ABERDEEN.

STAMPED B.B.C. CRYSTAL SET.

SPECIFICATION.—Range, 1,500 metres. Variable Tuning. Broadcasting reception, 40 miles with standard P.O. Aerial. Ebonite engraved panels, Hertzite, crystal detector, provision for two pairs head-phones. In neat morroco box, hinged lid and clasp, and one pair K.S. 2,000 ohms double head-phones, and 100 feet 7/22 aerial wire with necessary insulators.

Everything Ready for Immediate Use.

Price: 80/- *complete, post paid, from*

COMPACTOPHONE Co.

18, Stanfordham Grove, Garston, LIVERPOOL.

100 Candle Power 'PIFCO'4 Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light

With Common Paraffin.

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric.

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp 30/-

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.

PIFCO, Ltd.,

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Stocked in 37 different styles.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE OF TOY MOTORS

A Joy Toy for all.

17/6 Carriage Paid

The only Unbreakable Clockwork Car, nothing to get out of order, smooth running, it teaches a child the rudiments of Motor Mechanics, and he is as proud as any owner-driver. Size 11" x 7" x 4½". Colours, Blue and Red.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

Selling in Thousands. Send for yours at once to

The NEW BRENCO MFG. Co.,

65, Gt. Jackson Street, Manchester.

IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS

Smiling Recruits for Our Sixpenny Army

WERE you "behind the door," as the saying goes, when good looks were given out? You need not be downcast, even though you were not born to be a matinee idol or a screen star. A handsome, smiling face may be yours by enlisting in our Sixpenny Army of "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

A famous writer has declared, "Nothing is as wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence."

You can have little excuse for not joining our ranks after you have read the following messages from some of our latest recruits.

"Please accept my little contribution. I am only a working lad, eighteen years of age, but I intend to send this amount every week when I can, to help to ease the hardships of the down-and-outs." We will warrant that lad wears a smile.

"I have been wishing to send a trifle, but out of 30s. weekly there's seldom any to spare. However, this week we have killed a fowl and saved on the butcher's little lot, so am enclosing 1s. 6d." Bless them! May the wish-bone bring them their heart's desire!"

"I enclose two sixpences which will just be a little help. How I long to do more!—but I am an old age pensioner and an invalid." We are proud to have such a veteran in our ranks.

Here comes another, from Rowton House: "I found 2s. yesterday, and send it to you for your Fund. I am sixty-seven, out of work for eighteen months, but I have a bed, and, thank God, until now have never gone hungry. There are thousands worse off."

"Every little helps" is the name under which we receive five sixpences every week from a reader who gives no address. Send us your little, and help us in our fight against misery and want.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Willing to Help," 4d.; "Widnes," 6d.; T. H. Bairds, 1s. 9d.; "Kirksardall," 1s.; F. M. J., 7d.; "Tempting," 9d.; "Working Man's Wife," 1s.; J. A. A. (Chorley), 1s 3d.; "Hard Up," 11d.; S. J. R., 9d.; "Zook," 1s. 1½d.; "Toulouse," 2s. 6d.; "Anxious, F. T.," 1s.; "Bardy's Ninth" (S.W.10), 3s. 1d.; A. D., 2½d.; Mrs. E. Christie, parcel; "Wickham" (Fareham), 1s.; "Worcester," 1s. 6d.; W. S. (Grimsby), 1s. 3d.; "Dick," 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Rat," 2s. 6d.; A. E. Holland, 10s.; Anon., 9d.; Anon., 6d.; "Bristol," 6d.; "Unemployed and Unlucky," 1s.; "Perth et Road," 6d.; "Widow," 9d.; "Thankful," 8d.; W. G. Wilkinson, 1s.; "Patsy's Ninth," 7½d.; T. E., 1s.; "Good Luck," 8½d.; "E.'s Ninth," 6d.; "Unemployed Householder," 1s. 3½d.; "In Memory of Joe," 2s.; Nurse I. B. T., 1s.; "Racco," 1s. 6d.; "Sonny," 6d.; "Beechwood," 5s.; A. H., parcel; "Workless," 1s. 3d.; L. G. M., 9d.; "Found It," 6d.; "Fulcan," 1s.; "Davie M.," 1s.; "Another Ninth," 1s.; "West Dyke," 1s. 2d.; "Mystic Ninth," 10½d.; "Third Ninth," 9d.; H. V. C., 9d.; "Sport's Ninth," 1s.; "St. Chad's," 5s.; "Bonzo," 9d.; W. P. Bailey, 2s.; "Nine Last," 1s. 3d.; "Old 25" (Rawtenstall), 11s. 6d.; M. Hyslop, 1s.; L. A. Gunter, 1s. 6d.; "Amber," 5s.; H. J. W., 8½d.; "Annie" (Bermondsey), 1s.; F. Ewing, 1s.; Anon., parcel; S. A. W., 7d.; M. Hulbert, 2s.; O. H. Veasey, parcel; A. F. Treater, 2s. 6d.; "Thankful" (Chilbolton), 1s.; "Unlucky at Present," 1s.; "Saltash," 9d.; "Royper's Ninth," 10d.; "Another Unlucky One," 2s. 1d.; "One of the Skins," 1s.; J. D. G., 6d.; Mrs. Alderson, 6d.; N. Harris, 6d.; John Wood, 1s.; "Stakes Returned," 10½d.; "Hope No Offence," 6d.; M. R. F., 1s.; "Second Ninth," G. E., 1s.; Mrs. F. B. R., 2s. 3d.; E. L. Cliffe, 1s. 6d.; "Maidenhead," 6½d.; E. Hinton, 6d; B. G. Partridge, 1s.; E. W. F., 1s.; A. S. Askes, 1s.; "Scample," 6d.; Diana Parkinson, 3s.; M. Robinson, 2s. 9d.; "Another Ninth," 9d.; M. E. A., 6d.; G. C. Foster, 1s. 6d.; E. T. Ding, 2s.; R. A. Saunders, 5s.; "Ex Z/2, T. M. Bty." 1s. 6d.; "Hopeful Reader," 9d.; "Tyrone," 9d.; "Stick It," 5d.; E. J., 1s.; Hugh Petton, 2s. 9d.; A. K., 8s.; "Old Colwyn," 1s.; "Miner's Wife," 11d.; "Glyn," 1s. 6d.; "Crescent Trio," 1s. 10½d.; "Chin-Chin," 1s.; "Cutting Price," 6d.; "Convict 99," 1s.; K. O. T. L., 1s.; M. and F., 9½d.; W. D. N., 1s. 6d.; W. H. Hoyle, 2s.; "Anxious Helper," 1s.; "Victor" (Stockton), 1s.; "Hardup," 1s. 3d.; F. W. Brown, 2s.; H. E. P., 6d.; "Smithery," 1s. 2d.; K. A. F. A., 1s. 6d.; "Widow" (Avonmouth), 3s.; "9th "Down But Hopeful," 1s. 6d.; J. H. O., 2s. 7d.; D. E. (Teignmouth), 7s. 6d.; H. M. T., 10d.; April," 6d.; "Wavertree Two Nines," 2s. 2d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

HE WAS BALD

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely and lastingly covered with luxuriant growth.

HIS HAIR GREW

The mixture called Kotalko is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. KOTALKO has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

A BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box of Kotalko may obtain one post paid by sending threepence in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (32 BE), London, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow, you may obtain a further supply at a modicum.

SURPRISE PARCEL

OF

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

and accessories value

30/- *for* £1

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10 Nearly New Double-sided 10 in. Records.

(and a few times for demonstration purposes only).
One good quality leatherette record album.
One record cleaning pad.
One box "Gem" needles, sample of "Silentine" for preserving records and 200 steel needles, medium tone.

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The finest selection of beautiful ready made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue,*

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List of £1 and 5s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 501 will be published in next week's "Competitor's Journal." Complete list of all Sixth and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

The original cheque for £2,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 499 can now be seen in the window of Mr. J. Ashworth, 439, Cheetham Hill Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 501.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. PETER ROBERTSON,
16, Craigpark Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.
Example:—HER HERO
Bullet:—BEFORE—HER HEARER AFTER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Mr. A. H. GARDNER, Ashton, nr. Roade, Northampton.
Example:—KEEPING SILENT
Bullet:—THOUGH UNDERPAID, MANY TO-DAY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. V. T. ROBERTS, 7, Fir Crescent, East Dene, Rotherham.
Example:—SOCIETY MOTHER
Bullet:—OFTEN "CONFUSED" WITH OFFSPRING.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

C. C. YOUNG, 106, Broadway, Peterborough.
WISE—CHOOSING NEWSPAPER "WITH INTELLIGENCE."
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
J. LEAYNE, 48, Holland Street, Brighton.
DAZZLING—AT WRONG END, EAST.
S. HARRISON, "Wayside," Ballyvernott, Bangor, Co. Down.
SOCIETY MOTHER—OUT WHEN BABY CALLS.
Mrs. E. VAUGHAN, "Mount Pleasant," Edlesborough, nr. Dunstable.
STICKING TO GUNS—WITNESS—UNTIL COUNSEL'S BOMBSHELL.
A. SYKES, 4, Auboro Street, Scarborough.
WISE—PATRIOT, OFTEN CALLED SCAREMONGER.
Miss H. LANCE, 16, Louisa Street, West Gorton, Manchester.
HARD HIT—SO LODGER DISPLACES SERVANT.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
W. OXNAM, 4, Queen's Terrace, Torrington, N. Devon.
WHEN SPIRIT MOVES—SECRETARY, POLITICIAN "EXCELS HIMSELF."
F. D. GRESSWELL, 16, Arnold Street, Hull.
FRIENDS AGAIN—SCOTSMAN, AFTER HER BIRTHDAY.
Mrs. A. M. BAMBER, Old School House, St. Michaels-on-Wyre, nr. Garstang.
DAZZLING—SMILE, CITEN CALLED ACTING.
F. HARWOOD, 9, Hoel Deri, Tonyrefail, Glam.
MY CHILD—WANTS MINT—NOT PEPPERMINT.

19 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. H. NEWMAN, Bridge Street, Bures Hamlet, Essex.
FALLING FAST—ESTIMATE—RIVAL'S QUOTATION DISCOVERED.
Mrs. R. WALKER, 3, Stanton Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
FARMING—TILL COAL DISCOVERED UNDERNEATH.
R. PALMER, 27, Blake Street, Ilkeston, Derbys.
WISE—IF NATION SUBSIDISED APPRENTICESHIPS.
H. TILLEY, 14, Rodney Road, Kingswood, Bristol.
A REAL FRIEND—TO-DAY—SCHOOLGIRL HATES TO-MORROW.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
C. J. HARRIES, 41, Westbury Street, Swansea.
KEEPING SILENT—ABOUT TRUST DANGERS, ROTHERMERE.
D. FARRIMOND, 323, Spring Bank, Pemberton, Wigan, Lancs.
BENEATH CONTEMPT—USING "HANDLE" TO MISHANDLE.
F. C. PAGE, 28, Clytha Park Road, Newport, Mon.
IN AMERICA—POTS, BUT NO POTATIONS.
W. TUDOR, 26, Balfour Street, Runcorn.
COMING AND GOING—"COMPLICATIONS" KEEP "PEACE DOCTORS."
G. L. GREEN, "Filmore," Pinhoe, Devon.
COMING AND GOING—WINDFALL OFTEN PROVES DOWNFALL.
A. LESTER, Yoxall, Burton-on-Trent.
TO BE SURE—BUY ELECTION EGGS NOW.

List of 100 TURKEY Winners will be found on page 30.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 505.

LLOYD GEORGE	HAPPY FATHER
CROSSING THE ROAD	ENCOURAGING
NEW HOUSE	GOOD FOR HER
AFTER THE ELECTION	HITTING HOME
MY AMBITION	YOUNG AND OLD
UNWISE	SUNDAY REST
FOR THE PEOPLE	PERHAPS
A GOOD WIFE	UP TO US
OUR MEMBER	COMING ROUND
READY FOR CHRISTMAS	IN TROUBLED WATERS

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, DEC. 13. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 505 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 505, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 505.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 504 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

200 Turkeys this Week!!

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN A CHRISTMAS DINNER

2nd Prize £20

For the last week of Turkey Prizes the number is increased to 200. Winners will receive them in time for their Christmas dinner.

3rd Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2 10
100 PRIZES OF £1

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£250

200 PRIZES OF 5/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
4,000 TARGET PRIZES

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 504.

MY VOTE
WHAT WOMEN WILL DO
WINSTON CHURCHILL
OUR FOOD
THE LABOUR PARTY
KISSING THE BABY
SPOILING HER
FREE TRADE
WHAT WE EXPECT
THE RIGHT CANDIDATE
CAPITAL LEVY
A YEAR AGO
ON THE TABLE
CHEERING
BAD EGG
BEST LEFT UNSAID
DANGEROUS GAME
SHORT AND SWEET
MAKING A ROW
IN AGREEMENT
EASY MONEY
ON OUR SIDE
SEEING THINGS
A LONG RUN
IN THE PAST
MATTER OF OPINION
A FROST
GROWING OLDER
PERFECT PICTURE
LISTENING
PASSING THE HAT
A STILL TONGUE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "and Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—HOLIDAY PROBLEM *Bullet*:—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN. *Example*:—ON THE MOVE *Bullet*:—"SUBMERGED WRECK" BECOMES MENACE. *Example*:—FIRST THING *Bullet*:—AFTER ENGLISHMAN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 504, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(504) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(504) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(504) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(504) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEXT WEEK 'BULLETS' CHRISTMAS OFFER

FIRST PRIZE £1,000 | 2nd. Prize £300 | 3rd. Prize £200 | 4th. Prize £100 | 5th. Prize £90

Why rush in the Morning?

TO shave quickly and well use Vinolia Shaving Stick. It gives you many precious minutes to spare—you go calmly and happily to business confident in a smooth chin.

Vinolia Shaving Stick can be used equally well with hot or cold, hard or soft water. It creates a rich, free lather, and will not draw the skin.

VINOLIA
Shaving Stick

VINOLIA CO. LTD., LONDON.

RV 617—542

Soothes and Heals the Tortured Skin

The burning irritation of Eczema and all similar rashes and eruptions is soothed immediately by Germolene. In the case of Mrs. Cole, this splendid dressing cured severe and serious Eczema which had persisted for seven years.

Mrs. Cole's Signed Statement:

Mrs. Cole, Pembroke Bungalow, Ashburnham Road, Burry Port, South Wales, says:—"I was troubled with eczema for about seven years. It was on my wrist, and a little way up the arm, and the itching and burning were intense. I had to scratch it, and that made it run. It became so bad at last that my wrist was raw all round. I had all sorts of things for it, but none did any permanent good till I got Germolene. Then the relief was wonderful. Germolene soothed the itching at once, and soon it was quite cured. I have never been troubled with it since."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

N.B.—Not more than three Gift Sets will be sent to any one address.

Actual sizes. Pen 6½" long. Pencil 5½" long.

For Special Lady's Size see Coupon.

John Bull's Great Xmas Gift to YOU!

Thousands of delighted "John Bull" readers are now the happy possessors of their Golden Gift Sets. Readers are advised to send in their applications EARLY in order to avoid the Christmas rush.

THE GOLDEN GIFT SET

Contents:

THE 5/- MASTERPIECE MODEL PEN, fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Beautifully chased and finely tooled. A triumph of British workmanship. The Pen can't leak—the wonderful safety cap sees to that. Here is a pen which will serve him just as well as other pens costing 17/6. Written two years' guarantee with every pen.

FREE!

A 2/6 "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL, heavily plated, complete with rubber and re-fills.

Extra Free Gift
Value 2/-

This superb Gift Set is contained in the dazzling Golden Gift Box; and as a BIG EXTRA XMAS SURPRISE there will be found in the box Two Christmas Gift Stamps, equivalent in value to 2/-.

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

"John Bull," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please send me the Xmas Golden Gift Set (s) described below, (cross out the one not required).

FOR MEN.

No. 1.—Golden Gift Set containing the "John Bull" Masterpiece Model Pen (Men's Size) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/p.o. for 9/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

FOR LADIES.

No. 2.—Golden Gift Set (Lady's Size) containing the Masterpiece Model Pen in a slightly shorter size and a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil (also smaller, with pretty pendant top). I enclose cheque/p.o. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Pocket Clips 3d. extra. Postage on Two Sets, 4d.; on Three Sets, 6d. Postage and Registration abroad (including Irish Free State) 6d. each set.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Date J.B. 24/11/23. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."

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